

# THREE GREENS

First Draft

by

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INT. RAF OFFICE BLOCK - CORRIDOR - MORNING

POV: The sound of men marching. They reach a door and push it open.

INT. RAF OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office is busy but relaxed. Staff sit at desks, most are in ROYAL AIR FORCE UNIFORM.

Three RAF POLICEMEN enter. A Sergeant and two Corporals. All eyes turn to them. The room falls into silence.

SGT POLICEMAN  
Squadron Leader Hall?

A female CORPORAL stands.

CORPORAL  
Er... yes he's in his office. May I ask...?

SGT POLICEMAN  
No corporal, you may not. Could you take us through please.

The corporal leads the three policemen through to a door at the back. She knocks on the door.

HALL (O.C.)  
Come!

INT. HALL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The corporal opens the door. SQUADRON LEADER GRAHAM HALL (47) is sitting at his desk. Well groomed, handsome, charming. He wears PILOT WINGS on his jumper. He looks up and smiles as she enters.

CORPORAL  
Sir, these...

The RAF Sergeant moves in front of her.

SGT POLICEMAN  
Squadron leader Hall?

HALL looks baffled but remains COOL.

HALL  
Yes Sergeant. What can I do for you?

SGT POLICEMAN  
Sir, I have orders to take you into custody and escort you to the Provost Marshall's office.

HALL  
(shocked)  
Excuse me?

SGT POLICEMAN  
If you don't mind sir.

The Sergeant pulls a set of handcuffs from his belt.

SGT POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
I'd prefer not to have to use  
these.

HALL  
What the bloody hell is this  
about Sergeant?

SGT POLICEMAN  
I'm sorry sir. I have no other  
information I can give you.  
(beat - to Corporal)  
This office is now a crime scene  
and no one is to enter it, is  
that clear?

The corporal nods. UPSET. The Sergeant looks at HALL and  
gestures toward the door.

SGT POLICEMAN  
Sir. If you please?

With a resigned sigh, HALL stands, takes his hat from the  
back of the door and walks through the silent office toward  
the door. ALL EYES ON HIM.

INT. RAF OFFICE BLOCK - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The four men walk into the corridor. The Sergeant gestures  
at HALL to lead the way.

HALL nods and begins walking.

HALL  
Could I just pop to the bathroom?

The Sergeant frowns. Disapproving.

SGT POLICEMAN  
OK. But please be quick sir.

HALL pushes a door open and walks inside.

INT. TOILET - CONTINUOUS

HALL enters. He puts his hat down and leans against the  
sink. He looks concerned. His mind racing.

He throws water on his face and stares into the mirror. Anxious. He looks around, his eyes settle on an open window.

He stares at it. Thoughtful.

FADE TO BLACK.

CAPTION: THREE MONTHS EARLIER

FADE IN.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - WORKSHOP - MORNING

HALL is working on old RAF aircraft in a large workshop. He looks up as he hears a car pulling up outside.

EXT. HALL'S HOUSE - WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

HALL walks outside to reveal a large yard surrounded by outbuildings; a farm. Two or three old RAF aircraft in various stages of disrepair are dotted around.

A postman is climbing from his van. He hands HALL a few letters.

POSTMAN

Morning sir.

HALL

Morning Paul. Tea?

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - WORKSHOP - MINUTES LATER

The two men are drinking tea and leaning against a bench beside the aircraft. HALL is looking through his letters. One catches his eye. He drops the others on the bench, opens it and begins reading.

POSTMAN

So when she gonna be ready to fly again sir?

HALL

(continuing to read)

Paul, you've been out of the Army for ten years, you don't have to call me sir.

POSTMAN

Old habits sir. I mean, you are a serving officer.

HALL sighs and lowers the letter.

HALL

Not for much longer apparently.

INT. RAF OFFICE - MORNING

HALL enters, he is in uniform.

The room falls silent, all eyes on HALL. He stops, takes off his cap and surveys the room.

HALL  
Morning everyone. Is Flight  
Lieutenant Gray in yet?

CORPORAL  
Yes sir, she's in her office.

HALL nods and moves through the desks.

CORPORAL (CONT'D)  
Sir? Any news?

HALL stops and looks around. Anxious faces. He smiles half-hearted.

HALL  
Let me talk to Flight Lieutenant  
Gray first OK?

HALL heads toward a door at the back of the office. The corporal looks around the room and shakes her head.

CORPORAL  
(hushed)  
Shit.

INT. FLT LT GRAY'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

HALL is sitting in an armchair. Behind a desk opposite him is a female officer (29). She looks crestfallen.

FLT LT GRAY  
So what will you do?

HALL  
About this? There's nothing I can  
do. As of cease work Friday I'm  
on resettlement leave and in  
three months, I'll be a civilian.

FLT LT GRAY  
It's just not right boss.

HALL smiles sadly then shrugs his shoulders.

HALL  
Well, that's the old boys flying  
club for you.

HALL stands.

HALL (CONT'D)  
I best tell the chaps.

FADE OUT:

INT. HALL'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

HALL is sitting in his office staring into space. A knock at the door. He looks up to find another male officer standing there: SQUADRON LEADER 'PADDY' BOYLE (46). He is holding a bottle and two glasses.

HALL smiles softly. BOYLE enters and sits..

BOYLE  
Word on the street is that your  
jobs up for grabs?

HALL  
(laughs)  
Fuck off Paddy.

BOYLE smiles. He pours two glasses. They raise them together in a toast

BOYLE  
To plan D.

HALL frowns. What?

BOYLE (CONT'D)  
Well plans A, B and C might not  
have worked but knowing you,  
there's a D.

HALL  
Not this time. I'm done. It's  
true what they say, you can't  
beat the system.

HALL downs his drink. BOYLE refills it.

BOYLE  
It's a shit system.  
(beat)  
So what will you do?

HALL  
God knows. I can't exactly see me  
getting a job in the Ministry of  
Defence can you?

BOYLE shakes his head.

BOYLE  
You'll find something. Maybe  
you'll actually get that bloody  
plane flying.

FADE OUT.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The room is in semi-darkness. The only light comes from the TV. HALL is alone, sitting on the sofa. Staring into space, deep in thought. Glass in hand.

He suddenly stands, walks across to a sideboard and pulls out a bulky beige folder. He stares at it for a second.

HALL  
(to himself)  
Plan D.

He returns to the sofa, opens the folder and begins to leaf through the contents.

FADE OUT.

INT. HALL'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

HALL is at his computer. The female CORPORAL enters. She places a steaming cup on the desk.

HALL  
Thanks Sue. You off home?

CORPORAL  
Yes sir.  
(beat)  
You OK?

HALL stops and looks up. He smiles.

HALL  
Yes, why?

CORPORAL  
Well you seem to be working  
harder than ever. I mean, no one  
would blame you if...

HALL  
It's just personal stuff. I do  
have a job to find you know.

The CORPORAL smiles. She moves to leave, then stops.

CORPORAL  
Sir, can I speak freely? Hat's  
off as it were?

HALL  
Of course.

CORPORAL  
I just wanted to say, I think  
it's piss poor. Your situation I  
mean. We all do.

HALL smiles.

HALL  
Thank you Sue. I appreciate that.  
But it is kind of my own fault.

CORPORAL  
(blushing)  
Well... Possibly. But I mean,  
there's revenge and there's...

HALL  
(interrupting)  
Revenge?

The CORPORAL shrugs her shoulders. HALL smiles.

HALL (CONT'D)  
Go on, go home. Oh, and don't  
forget I won't be in for a few  
days.

The CORPORAL smiles and turns. HALL watches her go. His  
face hardens.

He turns back to his computer and begins typing.

EXT. CAR - MORNING

HALL steps from his car and looks around. He is on a rough  
council estate.

He heads toward a two storey block of flats and vanishes  
inside.

EXT. MURPHY'S FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

HALL stops at a scruffy front door. He knocks on it and  
waits. Nothing. He knocks again. It opens to reveal a man,  
KEVIN 'SPUD' MURPHY (36). He looks hungover.

HALL  
Mister Murphy?

MURPHY  
Yeah. Who are you?

HALL hands MURPHY a card. He looks at it then sneers.

MURPHY  
With respect, sir, you can piss  
off.

HALL  
I'd really like to talk to you if  
possible.

MURPHY  
Not interested.

MURPHY shuts the door. HALL stands there for a second then  
knocks again.

MURPHY (O.C.)  
(shouting)  
I told you, piss off.

HALL knocks again. The door opens.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
OK, what?

HALL  
Could we talk in private. Please?

MURPHY turns and walks into the flat. HALL follows.

INT. MURPHY'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

The flat is sparsely furnished but neat and tidy. In one  
corner is a bank of expensive computers.

MURPHY sits in an armchair. Arms folded. Aggressive. On the  
table beside him is a bottle of Vodka and a glass.

MURPHY  
Well? I ain't got all day.

HALL smiles. He looks around and points to a photograph.

HALL  
When were you on four squadron?

MURPHY  
The Harriers? From ninety nine  
right up to when they scrapped  
them. Fucking criminal that.

HALL  
Well I'm with you there.  
(beat)  
Do you miss it? The mob?

MURPHY  
Every day. Best days of my life.

HALL  
How would you like another taste  
of it?

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - MIDDAY

HALL walks through carrying a basket. He is looking for something, someone. He spies a man and walks toward him  
(MATT JACKSON - 34)

HALL  
Excuse me, is your name Jackson?

JACKSON  
(suspicious)  
Yes. Do I know you?

HALL takes out a card and hands it to him. JACKSON looks at it and frowns. Puzzled.

HALL  
Is there somewhere we could have  
a chat?

JACKSON  
I am actually at work.

HALL  
I don't mind waiting.

JACKSON looks around and nods.

JACKSON  
Meet me out the back in fifteen  
minutes.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - LATER

HALL and JACKSON are standing outside. JACKSON is smoking.

HALL  
If you don't mind me asking, how  
does an RAF engineer end up  
stacking shelves in a  
supermarket?

JACKSON shrugs.

JACKSON  
Funnily enough, people aren't  
queuing up to employ ex-forces  
blokes with criminal records.  
(beat)  
Throw in a bitch from hell ex-  
wife and, well.  
(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)  
You do what you gotta do. But if  
you've come to see me I'm sure  
you know...

JACKSON stops and looks puzzled.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Why have you come to see me?

HALL  
Well, the thing is, I actually do  
want to offer you a job.

JACKSON  
Doing what?

HALL  
Pretty much exactly what the  
Royal Air Force spent hundreds of  
thousands of pounds training you  
to do.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LOCK UP - DAY

HALL walks through a block of scruffy lock up garages  
toward a set of open doors. The garage is full of tools and  
spares but is neat and well organised.

A man is inside, working on a motorcycle. JIM SINNOTT (36)

HALL  
Mister Sinnott?

SINNOTT  
(suspicious)  
Who wants to know?

HALL hands him his card. SINNOTT sniffs. Irritated. When he  
speaks it is with arrogance. A dislike of authority.

SINNOTT  
So how d'you find me down here?

HALL  
Your next door nieghbour. He told  
me...

SINNOTT  
Well I'll be having a bloody word  
in his ear later. So, what d'you  
want?

HALL walks into the garage and looks at the motorcycle.

HALL  
Always loved these early  
Fireblades. Bit too extreme for  
me though. Yours I assume?

SINNOTT  
Nah. I do 'em up and sell 'em.  
(beat - smug)  
Beats being in uniform.

HALL looks at him and nods. Knowing.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I've got stuff to do  
so...

He looks at HALL. Questioning.

HALL  
I have something I'd like to talk  
to you about.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE - DAY

A car pulls up outside a large, smart and clearly valuable house. HALL steps out and walks toward the door.

The noise of a lawn mower draws him round to the back where a man is cutting the large lawn. STUART Walker (29)

HALL  
(calling)  
Mister Walker?

Walker continues cutting the grass. He has earphones on. He only notices HALL when he turns the lawn mower. He stops and walks across.

WALKER  
Can I help you?

HALL hands him his card. WALKER looks at it and hands it back. Irritated.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
I've got nothing to say to you  
sir. Now if you don't mind...

HALL  
I just need a few minutes, that's  
all.  
(beat)  
It could be to your advantage.

WALKER stares at him for a second.

WALKER

You better come in the house  
then.

INT. WALKERS HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

WALKER is making tea.

HALL

Nice house. Yours?

WALKER

My parents. I'm staying here  
until, well... For a while.

HALL

So do you have any plans? Long  
term? I assume the RAF...

WALKER

I still have my licence if that's  
where you're going. Can't see me  
using it for a while though.

HALL nods.

HALL

Well that's partially why I'm  
here. I might be able to help you  
with that.

FADE OUT.

INT. MILITARY PRISON - MORNING

HALL is in uniform and is sitting at a desk in a small  
sparsely furnished room. A door bursts open.

SHOUTING VOICE (O.C.)

Left right, left right...

A man enters, marching. ROSS GLENNON (34). He is wearing  
green overalls. Behind him, a Sergeant. Bawling.

SERGEANT

Left, right, left, right. Right  
wheeeAL. HALT. Into line Left  
TAHN!

The Sergeant salutes. GLENNON remains rigidly at attention  
in front of HALL.

SERGEANT

Aircraftsman Glennon SAH!

HALL

Thank you Sergeant. That'll be  
all.

The SERGEANT salutes again and marches out. He closes the door behind him. GLENNON doesn't move a muscle.

HALL (CONT'D)  
At ease Mister Glennon. Stand  
easy.

GLENNON stamps his feet apart and thrusts his hands behind his back. Only once he has done this does he visibly relax.

HALL (CONT'D)  
Take a seat, please.

GLENNON sits. When he speaks, it is punchy, short and sharp. HALL opens a folder and begins looking at a sheet of paper.

HALL (CONT'D)  
So you were sentenced to 12  
months detention and are due for  
release in four days, correct?

GLENNON  
Three days, 17 hours and about 10  
minutes sir. Not that I'm  
counting.

HALL  
Any chance you're going to mess  
it up?

GLENNON  
(sarcastic)  
You ever been in a military nick  
sir? I spent the first 12 hours  
of my sentence scrubbing every  
inch of tarmac I'd stood on  
because I'd polluted it with my  
presence.

HALL  
Point taken.

GLENNON  
With a nail brush. Sir.  
(beat)  
So no, sir. I won't be 'messing  
it up'.

HALL sniffs. Knowing.

HALL  
And you're due to be discharged  
immediately on release?

GLENNON  
Yes sir.

HALL

So what are your plans?

GLENNON

Don't have any yet sir. But getting shit faced is high on the agenda. Sir.

HALL smiles. He looks down at the folder again and then back up at GLENNON.

HALL

Family?

GLENNON

Three year old daughter lives with her slapper of a mother in Northampton. Sir.

HALL

I take it it's not amicable then?

GLENNON

The Israeli's and Palestinians used to come round ours to do their training. Sir.

HALL suppresses a giggle.

HALL

So where will you live? What about employment?

GLENNON looks at HALL, frowns.

GLENNON

S'cuse me asking sir, but what's this all about?

HALL clasps his hands on the table and stares at GLENNON. BLANK, sizing him up.

HALL

I have a job offer I'd like to discuss with you.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

MURPHY, SINNOTT, JACKSON and WALKER are sitting around a large table. It has various cans of beer on it.

MURPHY

Well, I honestly never thought I'd be sat around a table with RAF lads again.

SINNOTT  
(sniffy)  
Me neither.

JACKSON  
So d'you know anything about this bloke?

JACKSON  
Not a thing. He just turned up at work one day and asked me if I'd be interested in a job working on a couple of old aircraft.

MURPHY  
He turned up at my front door and just offered me a months work.

SINNOTT  
Same here. Not sure why he wants me though.

WALKER  
What d'you mean?

SINNOTT  
I was an armourer.  
(puzzled)  
What trades were you guys?

MURPHY  
Flight systems. I s'pose we'll...

HALL returns. He is accompanied by GLENNON.

HALL starts to make the introductions, pleasantries are exchanged. Then:

JACKSON  
What the fuck is he doing here?

All eyes turn to JACKSON who stands and glares ANGRILY at GLENNON.

HALL  
(shocked)  
Do you two know each other?

JACKSON  
Oh yeah. We know each other alright. This wanker ran off with my bloody missus.

SINNOTT glances at MURPHY and grins.

SINNOTT  
This could be fun.

GLENNON  
Bollocks. She...

HALL  
(interrupting)  
Hang on you two.  
(beat)  
What?

SINNOTT  
I think his missus...

HALL glares at SINNOTT who stops talking.

JACKSON  
Laughing boy here started  
screwing around with my missus  
when I was in Iraq back in 2001.

GLENNON  
Jesus, you still peddling that  
old crap? She'd left you ages  
before we got together!

JACKSON  
That ain't the point. We were on  
the same camp for fucks sake!  
D'you know how much piss taking I  
got?

GLENNON  
D'you know how much shit I got?

The two men glare at each other. HALL looks bemused, Walker embarrassed, MURPHY and SINNOTT amused.

GLENNON (CONT'D)  
Anyway, if it's any comfort, she  
left me when I got nicked.  
(beat)  
She's bloody nuts anyway.

JACKSON  
It's not.  
(beat)  
What d'you mean, nicked?

MURPHY  
Look, this is all quite  
entertaining in a weird sort of  
way, but is there any chance  
someone is going to tell us why  
we're here?

All eyes turn to HALL. He glances around the room, anxious.

HALL

Well to be honest, in light of this development, it might not be such a good idea.

SINNOTT

(angry)  
You what?

HALL

I can't afford to have any friction.

MURPHY

These two will be fine, won't you!

The group glare at GLENNON and JACKSON.

SINNOTT

Come on lads. How about it?

The two men shrug their shoulders and sit down.

MURPHY

So come on then Mister Hall.  
What's this all about?

HALL stands, moves across to a sideboard and pulls a folder from a drawer. He opens it and takes out a handful of papers. He walks around the table, placing an A4 sheet in front of each man.

The men study the sheets. ANGER.

JACKSON

What the bloody hell's this?

SINNOTT

Is this some kind of stitch up?

ANGRY conversation breaks out. HALL stands and listens for a second.

HALL

(shouting)  
QUIET!

The room falls silent.

HALL (CONT'D)

(charming)  
I'm sorry gentlemen but if I'm going to put my cards on the table, you really need to listen.  
(beat)  
Thank you.

Hall moves to the head of the table.

HALL (CONT'D)

OK, let's start at the beginning.  
But please, let me finish. There  
will be plenty of time for  
questions later.

(beat)

I can however, assure you that  
this isn't a stitch up as Mister  
Murphy so eloquently put it  
although it is fair to say that I  
have brought you here under false  
pretences.

HALL glances around the room at the faces. A mix of  
anxious, curious and angry.

HALL (CONT'D)

However, rest assured that you  
were all very carefully selected  
for reasons which will shortly  
become obvious.

(beat)

Now, if each of you would be so  
kind as to read out exactly what  
is on the sheets I've placed in  
front of you. Mister Walker,  
perhaps you could start us off.

Walker stares at him, aghast. He glances around the table  
anxiously.

HALL (CONT'D)

Please. We're all er, friends  
here.

Walker stares at him then turns his eyes to the sheet in  
his hands. They are shaking.

WALKER

Flight Lieutenant Stuart Walker.  
Pilot. Ex-39 Squadron.  
Dishonourably discharged July  
2012 for possession and use of  
cannabis.

Walker looks around the room and shugs his shoulders.

HALL

And for those who don't know,  
what aircraft to 39 Squadron fly?

WALKER

Reaper. Drones if you like.

HALL

Thank you. Mister Murphy?

MURPHY glares at HALL. BITTER.

HALL (CONT'D)

Please.

MURPHY

Sergeant Kevin Murphy. Flight systems engineer. Discharged February 2012 for theft.

(beat - sarcastic)

I built a machine which over-rode the computer system in ATM's. OK?

HALL

Mister Sinnott.

SINNOTT

Corporal Jim Sinnott. Armourer. Discharged March 2012 for possession of explosives.

SINNOTT smiles. As much to himself than anyone else.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)

Which I used to blow up my bosses 1959 Aston Martin DB4.

Laughter breaks out. The room visibly relaxes.

SINNOTT

(laughs)

Just a bit of payback.

HALL

(smiling)

Mister Glennon. If you please.

GLENNON

Sergeant Ross Glennon. Avionics and electronics specialising in counter intelligence software development. Discharged this morning for theft.

The others look shocked.

MURPHY

This morning?

GLENNON

Yeah. I just finished 12 months in Colchester.

The others exchange looks. SHOCK.

HALL

Theft of what Mister Glennon?

GLENNON glances at him.

GLENNON  
I was stripping precious metals  
from scrap components. Gold,  
platinum, silver...

SINNOTT  
Gold?

GLENNON  
You'd be amazed how much gold is  
used on an aircraft.  
(smiles)  
You just gotta know where to  
look.

HALL  
And finally, Mister Jackson.

JACKSON throws a look at GLENNON.

JACKSON  
Sergeant Matt Jackson. Computer  
systems programmer specialising  
in radar and associated avionics.  
Discharged Jan 2011 for theft.

JACKSON glances around the room. Everyone is looking at  
him, waiting.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I hacked into the personnel  
computer, set up three false  
identities and was paying myself,  
well, four times if you count my  
actual wage.

SINNOTT  
(impressed)  
How d'you get caught?

JACKSON laughs.

JACKSON  
Someone, somewhere pulled one of  
my er.. names off the computer  
and decided it was time he did a  
tour in Afghanistan. After that,  
it was only a matter of time.

The room laughs.

HALL  
Thank you gentlemen. So I think  
it's fair to say that none of you  
are exactly adverse to bending  
the rules. Now...

MURPHY

Hang on. You know all about us,  
we don't know a thing about you.

SINNOTT

Come to that, we don't actually  
know anything full stop.

HALL glances around the room.

HALL

That's a fair comment. OK,  
Squadron Leader Graham Hall.  
Pilot. Date of discharge, 56 days  
from today.

There is an audible gasp.

HALL (CONT'D)

Yes gentlemen, I am still a  
serving Royal Air Force officer.  
However, my discharge is very  
much against my wishes.

HALL looks around the room.

HALL (CONT'D)

Four years ago, I was on a ground  
tour at the Ministry of Defence  
in London. One evening, at a mess  
function, a woman made advances  
toward me. Being happily married  
I rebuffed her of course, but the  
next day she claimed I had  
sexually assaulted her.

GLENNON

So what's the big deal? Stuff  
like that gets hushed up every  
day. We all know that.

SINNOTT

(sarcastic)

Isn't that what they call 'high  
jinks' old bean?

HALL

(flat - hurt)

The woman who made the allegation  
was an Air Commodores wife.

The room falls into stunned silence.

MURPHY

Shit.

HALL

It was my word against hers. I lost.

JACKSON

Bloody women.

MURPHY

And she never owned up?

HALL

Yes, finally. A year ago. After my wife had left me, I'd done two six month tours at Camp Bastion and spent the rest of the time being shunted around doing admin jobs which not only stopped me flying but effectively killed my career.

(beat)

So you see gentlemen, whilst proud to have served, I too carry a degree of resentment toward my employer.

(beat)

Only with your help, I intend to do something to appease that resentment.

The group exchange glances.

SINNOTT

What d'you mean, with our help?

HALL

Aside from being discharged from the RAF, you all have certain things in common. You're single, pretty much unemployable thanks to your records and for the most part, broke.

(beat)

Feel free to stop me if I'm wrong on any point.

HALL pauses and waits for a response. None.

HALL (CONT'D)

But you all have very specific technical skills and I want to give you the opportunity to use them.

(beat)

To put it another way, I want your help to steal some money. A lot of money in fact.

The room falls into stunned silence.

WALKER  
(shocked)  
Are you serious?

HALL throws him a glance and a nod.

HALL (CONT'D)  
Deadly.  
(beat)  
Now before I say anything else,  
I'd like you to discuss this  
amongst yourselves and let me  
know if you're in or out. What I  
will say at this point is that no  
guns will be involved and the  
likelihood of anyone getting hurt  
is fairly remote.

SINNOTT  
And what about the likelihood of  
spending the rest of our lives in  
the nick?

HALL smiles.

HALL  
If my plan works as it should...  
(beat)  
The liklihood of that happening  
is zero. Now, when you're ready,  
I'll be in the workshop across  
the yard.

HALL picks up his folder and walks from the room.

EXT. HALL'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

He stops and leans against a wall. Eyes closed, he takes a deep breath and slowly exhales. Once he has done that, he turns and heads off along the corridor.

FADE OUT:

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - WORKSHOP - LATER

HALL is working on his aircraft. He looks totally COOL. The door opens. The group enter. HALL looks up at them.

GLENNON  
We have a couple of questions  
sir.

HALL  
Go ahead.

MURPHY

Well the obvious one is why? I mean, by the look of it you're not exactly short of a few bob.

HALL laughs.

HALL

For now, let's just say, it's personal.

The men exchange glances, shrugs.

SINNOTT

What sort of money are we talking?

HALL puts down his tools and wipes his hands on a rag. He glances around at the men. Eager faces.

HALL

A minimum of 30 million Euro's split equally between the 6 of us.

(beat)

Do you need me to do the math?

Stunned silence. Nervous glances. HALL continues to wipe his hands.

HALL (CONT'D)

It's perfectly doable gentleman.

More glances. Then smiles.

JACKSON

Well if I can speak for the group, I'd say it's safe to say we're all interested... Sir.

HALL smiles.

HALL

I was hoping you'd say that Sergeant. But there is one question I have.

(beat)

The issue of this ex-wife...

JACKSON

Fuck her. For five million Euro's he can screw me!

The group laugh. HALL smiles, pulls open a cupboard and takes out a six-pack of lager. The men each take one. They stand in a circle in front of the old aircraft.

HALL (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen, to Operation... Oh, I  
haven't thought of a name yet.

The group look puzzled for a moment and then clink their  
bottles together.

GROUP (TOGETHER)  
Operation 'I haven't thought of a  
name yet!'

They dissolve into laughter.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - MORNING

The group are sitting at the large table. HALL is standing  
at one end. In front of him is a laptop, behind him on the  
wall, a large flat screen TV.

HALL  
OK gentlemen, first things first.  
I'm sure you don't need me to  
tell you that the only way this  
operation will possibly work is  
if we employ the kind of  
discipline we are, or were used  
to in the forces. Agreed?

The men nod.

HALL (CONT'D)  
So to that end, Flight Lieutenant  
Walker will be my number two and  
will assume responsibility for  
the administration and domestic  
arrangements.

MURPHY  
Does that mean we have to call  
you two sir?

HALL  
(raises eyebrow)  
Is that a problem Sergeant?

MURPHY glances around the room and grins.

MURPHY  
Not at all. I'd kind of gotten  
out of the habit that's all...  
Sir.

SINNOTT  
I don't mind calling you sir,  
sir. But I'm bollocksed if I'm  
gonna call these three sarge.

The others smile. They are enjoying this. It's familiar.

HALL

That's your prerogative Corporal Sinnott. Now, in terms of security, you are all experienced non-commissioned officers and I am sure you understand what's at stake. Do I need to say any more?

HALL looks around the room. Suddenly, JACKSON reaches into his pocket, takes out his mobile phone and slides it across the table. It stops in front of HALL. He looks at it surprised, then back. Respect.

The other men follow suit. Except WALKER who doesn't move. SINNOTT throws him a glance.

HALL (CONT'D)

(touched)

Thank you. However, given that we will be here for some considerable time, I'm happy for you to keep your phones. We don't want anything to appear untoward to the outside world. I will however, be giving you all new pay-as-you go phones which can't be traced so please use those for anything not purely personal.

The men nod.

HALL (CONT'D)

There is one final thing...

(beat)

Each of you will have a significant role to play in this operation but we cannot go into it with anyone half-hearted or unsure. So if at any time one of you wishes to withdraw, please do not hesitate to let me know. I assure you, no one here would think any less of you.

(beat)

Is that clear?

HALL looks around the table. Each man answers in a military style RAPID tone.

WALKER

Sir.

MURPHY

Yes sir.

JACKSON

Sir.

GLENNON

Sir.

SINNOTT

Sweet.

HALL smiles but raises a disapproving eyebrow at SINNOTT. He smiles back. Cheeky.

HALL

Thank you. So, to business. If you have any questions, please ask them.

HALL taps his laptop. A picture of a passenger aircraft appears on the TV.

HALL

This is our target. An A320 Airbus. Once a week, an aircraft of this type ferries a consignment of used Euro's into Luton airport from Holland. These are then taken to the Bank of England incinerator and destroyed.

JACKSON

Under armed police escort I assume?

HALL

Of course.

GLENNON

So how are we supposed to steal them? You said we wouldn't need guns.

The others start to chatter amongst themselves. Nervous.

WALKER

(barks)

Gentlemen!

The room falls silent. HALL remains calm. A half-smile on his face.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Sir.

HALL

Thank you Stuart. In answer to your question Sergeant Glennon, I can assure you that I have no intention of taking part in an armed robbery. Clear?

GLENNON

(sheepish)

Sorry sir.

HALL

Understandably, security around this flight is tight and so it would be folly to try and steal these notes whilst the aircraft is on the ground.

(beat)

There is however, an obvious weak link in the security operation.

The men exchange glances. Baffled.

HALL (CONT'D)

The air gentlemen. I intend for us to steal the money whilst the aircraft is in the air. Or to be more specific, we're going to steal the aircraft.

FADE OUT.

IN. HALL'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - LATER

The group are as we left them but there are cans of beer on the table. HALL is standing looking on as the others exchange glances. A mix of shock, amusement and impressed.

JACKSON

How the bloody hell did you come up with this?

HALL

Before I moved to the Ministry of Defence I flew TriStars out of Brize Norton. It's amazing what you do to occupy your mind when you're flying backward and forwards to the Falkland Islands.

GLENNON

Gotta say, it's bloody clever boss.

SINNOTT  
(shocked)  
You mean this could actually  
work?

GLENNON  
(to Sinnott)  
It's perfectly feasible.

SINNOTT  
So you're saying you could take  
over a plane and land it  
somewhere else?

JACKSON  
In theory, yeah. All you'd need  
to do is remotely access the  
flight systems programmes and  
she's all yours.

SINNOTT  
From the ground?

MURPHY laughs and reaches for a can of beer.

MURPHY  
What do you think drones are?

GLENNON  
There's actually a conspiracy  
theory which claims that's what  
happened on 9/11.

MURPHY  
There are loads of conspiracy  
theories about this kind of  
stuff. Some people think...

HALL  
(interrupting)  
I think we should focus on facts  
rather than speculation.

SINNOTT looks around the table. Everyone else smiles back  
at him.

SINNOTT  
(laughs)  
Fuck me. I'll never get on  
another flight again. But what do  
you need me for? I know jack shit  
about planes.

HALL  
(laughs)  
Aircraft corporal. They're  
aircraft. Not planes.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

HALL (cont'd)  
But don't worry, you have a very specific part to play in this operation.

SINNOTT  
What?

HALL  
(smiling)  
What you apparently do best. Blow something up.

The group laugh. Excited. HALL turns to MURPHY, GLENNON and JACKSON.

HALL (CONT'D)  
So gentlemen, you have my idea and thanks to the Royal Air Force you have over 40 years worth of the best flight systems and aircraft IT experience available. Tell me how we can make this happen.

The three men exchange glances.

HALL (CONT'D)  
The rest of us will busy ourselves with getting settled in. Any questions?  
(beat)  
Then I suggest we get on with phase one of this operation and meet back here at five for a debrief and some dinner. Mister Walker, could I have a quick word?

HALL and WALKER leave the room. MURPHY watches him go, drains his beer and turns to the others.

SINNOTT  
He's barking bloody mad.

JACKSON  
D'you think he's actually serious about this?

GLENNON  
Well if he is, he could well end up making us all shit loaded. And I don't know about you, but he's about the best chance I've got of that ever happening.

EXT. HALL'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

HALL and WALKER exit the house.

HALL

Stuart, just to be clear on something, when it comes to the actual er... flying, this will be your show OK.

WALKER

Understood sir.

HALL

But as one pilot to another, I have to ask,

WALKER

(interrupting)

I'm clean sir, if that's what you were wondering.

The two men stop and look each other in the eye.

HALL

Well I wasn't but thanks for telling me.

(beat)

No, what I have to ask is are you sure you can you do this? There will be people on that plane and the landing could be tricky.

WALKER

(confident)

As long as the airfield you want me to land on is sound, it won't be a problem sir.

HALL smiles and thumps WALKER on the arm. They start to walk toward the workshop.

HALL

I was hoping you'd say that.

(beat)

So what do you think of the team?

WALKER

They seem sound enough. The two with the wife...

HALL

Yes, that was a bit unexpected. Maybe I should talk to them.

WALKER

And I'm a bit wary of the corporal. He's a bit...

HALL

He's no fan of authority, that's a fact.

(MORE)

HALL (cont'd)  
But aside from his skill with  
explosives he's a brilliant  
mechanic and we'll need that.  
(beat)  
Keep an eye on him though.

The two men walk across the yard toward the workshop.

FADE OUT.

MONTAGE: the men working, planning. Various locations  
including drawing room, workshop, kitchen.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

The men are sitting around the table. HALL is staring at  
various sheets of paper. He looks up, smiles.

HALL  
This is excellent. You're  
absolutely sure about this?

JACKSON  
In theory, assuming you can get  
us what's on that list.

HALL  
And there is absolutely no risk  
to the passengers?

JACKSON  
We'd simply be piggy backing the  
existing autopilot and isolating  
the controls. First sign of any  
trouble, we'd just switch the  
piggy back off.

HALL stares back at the sheet of paper and grins.

SINNOTT  
You use the word theory a lot.

GLENNON  
'Cos at the moment, that's all it  
is.

JACKSON  
There is one major problem sir,  
well three actually.

HALL  
Problems Sergeant? Don't you mean  
challenges?

JACKSON grins.

JACKSON  
No sir, I really do mean  
problems.

HALL  
Then find a way round them,  
that's why you're here.

JACKSON sniffs. Professional.

JACKSON  
That might not be possible in one  
instance sir. What time is the  
aircraft scheduled to land at  
Luton?

HALL  
20.45.

JACKSON  
So it'll be dark. Assuming we can  
put you in control of the  
aircraft, you'd have no visuals  
to help you land it.

WALKER turns to HALL. Anxious. HALL stares blankly back at  
him for a second. A smile spreads across his face.

He reaches down and taps at his laptop.

HALL  
I've recce'd this route twice in  
the last month. This film was  
taken on my last flight.

A film begins on the big screen. It is a POV shot of an  
aircraft taxiing as shown on a screen on the back of an  
aircraft seat.

HALL (CONT'D)  
To amuse passengers during  
takeoff, the A320 has a landscape  
camera fitted to the front wheel.

The group laugh. MURPHY is slightly too excited. When he  
speaks, his speech is slightly slurred.

MURPHY  
You don't get that on a bloody  
Hercules.

HALL  
Well, quite. So assuming it's  
switched on, once we have three  
greens, we'll have visuals.

SINNOTT  
Three greens?

The others exchange glances. Smiling.

WALKER

When the undercarriage is lowered  
and locked, the pilot sees three  
green lights on his control  
panel.

SINNOTT nods, knowing.

SINNOTT

Then that's what we should call  
this thing.

HALL glances around the room. Smiling.

HALL

I like it. Operation three greens  
it is.

(beat)

So gentlemen, I don't know about  
you, but I'm bloody starving.

FADE:

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The men are sitting around, chatting about their service  
careers. Getting to know each other. The drink is flowing.  
They are all slightly merrey.

SINNOTT

So what's the deal with you spud?

MURPHY looks up and raises an eyebrow.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, like every bloke called  
Murphy isn't known as spud!

MURPHY laughs. He holds up his beer.

MURPHY

I discovered a liking for this  
stuff. Cost me promotion then my  
marriage. In the end I thought  
fuck it, get myself rich and die  
happy.

SINNOTT

How d'you get caught?

MURPHY

My son-in-law found the machine.

(beat)

He's an RAF copper.

SINNOTT

He grassed you? What a shit!

MURPHY

Next thing I know... well. You can guess the rest.

(beat)

Still, it looks like I've got a second shot at making it happen.

The group laugh. WALKER is sitting in the corner. Texting. He looks up.

WALKER

So why did you blow up your bosses car?

The group balk.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Sorry, but I'm curious.

SINNOTT

S'ok. It was 'cos I knew he loved it. I mean, really loved it. So I wanted to take it away from him. Simple as that.

WALKER

That's a bit harsh.

SINNOTT's expression suddenly changes to one of irritation. His tone almost aggressive.

SINNOTT

You ever been passed over for promotion... sir?

WALKER shakes his head. His phone beeps and he returns his attention to it.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)

I was, three fucking times. And all because of one wanker.

WALKER

(without looking up)

But there must have a reason. I mean...

SINNOTT starts to speak but stops himself.

HALL

I think we best drop this now gentlemen.

SINNOTT glares. WALKER texts.

The room descends into uneasy silence. WALKER suddenly looks up from his phone, embarrassed. SINNOTT Is glaring at him. ANGRY. GLENNON catches his eye and winks.

GLENNON

(to Walker)

With respect sir, any dick can become an officer but to be a sergeant, well it can take years to earn that third stripe 'cos you only get it if you deserve it.

(beat)

So if you knowingly deprive someone of that... well.

MURPHY

You get your Aston Martin blown up.

The room bursts into laughter. Relief. WALKERS phone rings, he looks at it then excuses himself. SINNOTT watches him go. Curious. As the door closes, he turns his attention to the others.

SINNOTT

So wife aside, what's the deal with you two then?

JACKSON

What d'you mean?

SINNOTT

Well no disrespect but you two have got career NCO written all over you. Why d'you balls it up?

JACKSON

(downcast)

Well when my wife pissed off with matey over there, she left me with all kinds debts. It was either sort them out or go under.

SINNOTT

So why didn't you just tell her to sort them out?

JACKSON

(sarcastic)

I take it you've never been married?

SINNOTT shakes his head. JACKSON sniffs and glares at GLENNON.

SINNOTT looks across to GLENNON who is sitting in a corner fixated on his laptop.

SINNOTT

What about you Ross?

GLENNON

His wife happened. Blood sucking bitch.

He stops talking.

MURPHY

What you up to Ross?

GLENNON looks up. He looks puzzled, then smiles.

GLENNON

I think I've had a brainwave.

(to Hall)

You got a white board anywhere boss?

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The group are sitting at the table. GLENNON is standing next to a white board propped up in front of the TV. As he talks, he draws an aircraft and lines to component locations.

GLENNON (CONT'D)

OK, here's your basic aircraft. Now thanks to Google, I know that the A320 has seven computers handling the various flight and in-flight systems. Agreed?

MURPHY

(slurred)

Yeah.

GLENNON

And they're dotted all over the aircraft.

(beat)

Now, our idea was to develop a piggy back programme, find a way of inputting it onto the right computer and then find a way of activating it. Yes?

The men are all fixed on the board and GLENNON. They nod, mutter agreement. GLENNON grins.

GLENNON (CONT'D)

Well actually we don't have to. There's an easier way.

WALKER

How?

GLENNON

We're looking at this as if it's a technical problem but it's not. It's a... well, a criminal one.

WALKER

You've lost me.

SINNOTT

He lost me ages ago.

GLENNON

We don't have to follow normal technical practice, we can do whatever we like to make this work.

MURPHY and JACKSON exchange glances. They smile.

MURPHY

The man's right.

WALKER

So what does that mean in real terms?

GLENNON

It means that things just got a whole lot easier.

HALL

How?

GLENNON looks at JACKSON and smiles. Knowing.

JACKSON

By thinking laterally.

(beat)

We don't need to work with what we have, we need to make what we have, work.

He returns his attention to the board and adds circles to the areas where the computers are located. Then he stops and with a smile, adds a large cross at the base of the tail-plane.

GLENNON

This is our way in. The Flight Data Recorder.

SINNOTT

You mean the black box?

GLENNON

(smiling)

Yes Jim. The black box.

HALL  
(cool, calm)  
For the laymen amongst us, would  
you care to explain?

GLENNON  
(smug, confident)  
My pleasure sir.  
(beat)  
The black box is the one unit  
that's plumbed into every single  
system on the aircraft so that in  
the event of a crash they have  
the data to help them work out  
what happened.  
(beat)  
But all it actually does is  
constantly milk the flight  
systems of information.

JACKSON  
(interrupting -  
questioning)  
So we just find a way to reverse  
engineer it to make it feed  
information instead?

GLENNON  
Exactly.

HALL  
Would it work?

GLENNON  
On an older aircraft, no. But on  
an A320 where pretty much  
everything is done  
electronically, including data  
capture, yeah. Absolutely.

HALL glances at JACKSON and MURPHY. They smile broadly.  
YES. HALL nods in acknowledgment.

HALL  
Then I think it's time we moved  
on to phase two. We know what we  
need to do, now we need to work  
out how to make it happen.

FADE OUT.

MONTAGE: The group planning. On computers, maps, the white-  
board. Eating, smoking. MILITARY EFFICIENCY. BUSY, BUSY.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

HALL, WALKER and SINNOTT are in the workshop. SINNOTT is  
working on the engine of an old van.

He stands up and lights a cigarette.

SINNOTT

Try that.

HALL turns the key. The van starts immediately.

HALL

Excellent.

SINNOTT

So what else we gotta do? Or is it down to waiting for the three stooges?

WALKER

Why are you always so dismissive of su...

WALKER stops himself. SINNOTT glares at him.

SINNOTT

Other what?

WALKER

Other people.

WALKERS phone rings.

SINNOTT

(angry)

You weren't gonna say that though. You were gonna say superiors.

WALKER

No I wasn't. Sorry, I've got to...

He walks out of the workshop. Phone to his ear. SINNOTT Watches him go. FUMING.

SINNOTT

He's starting to get right on my tits. I had enough of dicks like that when I was in the mob.

HALL

Look, I'll have a word with him OK? He's... well, let's call it highly strung. He had a rough time.

SINNOTT simmers.

SINNOTT

I don't give a shit... Sir. He talks down to me one more time and I'll fucking lump him.

Before HALL can answer, the door opens and MURPHY enters. JACKSON and GLENNON follow.

MURPHY

Boss, you really need to see this.

MURPHY hands HALL three sheets of paper. He begins to read.

The others stand, exchanging glances. Every so often, HALL looks up at the three technicians. WALKER enters. HALL hands him the papers as he finishes each one.

HALL

Are you sure?

JACKSON

We obviously had the same thoughts as you boss but the more we've dug...

JACKSON shrugs his shoulders. The workshop falls into silence.

SINNOTT

Well can you do it or not?

All eyes turn to him.

GLENNON

(smiling)

Do bears shit in the woods?

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - LATER

JACKSON is at the whiteboard. An aircraft outline is drawn on it. The others are sitting at the table. Transfixed.

WALKER

(stunned)

That's bloody ridiculous. You mean you can hack into everything on that aircraft just using a laptop and a couple of iPhones?

JACKSON

If they're suitably modified and you know what you're doing, yeah.

WALKER'S phone pings. He looks at the text and begins to reply. SINNOTT looks at him. CURIOUS.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
All you need then is a good  
laptop and a decent flight  
simulator programme.

SINNOTT  
It can't be that easy?

MURPHY  
That's the joy of people wanting  
in-flight WiFi. You're  
effectively turning the aircraft  
into a giant router.

HALL  
The obvious question is, if it's  
that easy, why has no one done it  
before?

GLENNON  
We don't know that they haven't  
sir. We just know that we can.

HALL looks at the three men and nods. Impressed.

HALL  
OK, then the first thing we need  
to do is test out your theory.  
What exactly do you need?

FADE OUT:

INT. AIRPORT - MORNING

HALL and JACKSON are in an airport terminal. We follow them  
through security and watch as their phones and laptops are  
checked.

To the casual observer, they are just two men travelling.

INT. AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT - LATER

HALL and JACKSON are sitting side by side. JACKSON is next  
to the window. He has his laptop open and is working on a  
document. HALL is watching a TV show on the small screen in  
front of him.

ANNOUNCEMENT (O.C.)  
Ladies and gentlemen, this is  
your captain. We've now reached  
our cruising altitude of thirty  
two thousand feet and are  
slightly ahead of schedule.

As he continues, JACKSON pulls his phone from his pocket  
and connects it to the laptop. HALL hands him his own  
cellphone and JACKSON connects that as well.

He taps away at the laptop and the two cellphones for a few seconds and then glances at HALL.

He hits ENTER. Nothing happens. HALL glances at JACKSON who winks.

He taps a button and a new screen on the laptop opens up.

CLOSE UP: Numbers are scrolling. FAST. Some lock. Radio frequencies.

JACKSON closes the screen down again. He holds out two fingers. TWO MINUTES.

STEWARDESS

Would either of you gentlemen  
like anything?

JACKSON

(cool)

A diet coke would be great, and  
some peanuts if you've got any.

HALL looks at him aghast.

HALL

Er, no. Nothing for me thanks.

The stewardess hands JACKSON his drink and peanuts. He takes a sip of one, opens the other. TOTALLY COOL.

He puts the drink down and opens the screen. All the numbers are locked. He studies them closely, highlights one then begins typing, FAST.

He smiles at HALL then presses a key. Every back seat screen on the plane goes blank. Audible groans from the passengers. JACKSON presses another button, they come back on.

HALL takes a deep breath, his heart is racing. JACKSON smiles. HAVING FUN.

He presses another button. The aircraft gives an almost imperceptible JOLT.

JACKSON puts his hand beside the laptop and raises a thumb. HALL looks at him and frowns. PUZZLED. JACKSON grins, he points out of the window and then presses the 'LEFT' button.

The WING DIPS. He presses 'RIGHT' and it comes back up.

HALL nods and flicks his finger across his throat.

JACKSON nods and begins typing. FAST. He hits 'ENTER' and the aircraft gives another gentle jolt.

As soon as it does, he switches off the laptop, disconnects the phones and puts everything away. He picks up his packet of peanuts and pours a handful before holding out the packet.

JACKSON  
(calm)  
Nut?

HALL smiles.

HALL  
I fear you actually might be.

FADE OUT.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

The group are standing around chatting jovially, EXCITED. MURPHY is cooking. They all nurse beers.

JACKSON  
You should have seen his face  
when I dipped that wing.

Laughter.

HALL  
(smiling)  
God knows what it was like on the  
flight deck when the aircraft  
started moving about on its own.

SINNOTT  
Maybe they thought they had a  
spook on board!

WALKER  
They did. Two of them!

More laughter. MURPHY begins dishing food up.

MURPHY  
OK you lot. This is ready.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

The men are sitting around the table. Food has been consumed. They are all chilled, pleased with themselves.

GLENNON  
So what happens now boss?

HALL glances around at the men. Smiles.

HALL  
I actually think that's down to  
the five of you.

FROWNS.

WALKER

Not sure what you mean sir.

HALL

Technically, we haven't done anything wrong, yet. But if we move this operation on to the next stage, that will change. Should we get caught... Well, you don't need me to tell you.

(beat)

So if anyone wants to walk, now's the time.

The room falls into silence.

MURPHY

There's one thing though sir...

HALL

What's that Sergeant?

MURPHY

We ain't gonna get caught. Right lads?

The others smile. No chance.

HALL

Thank you gentlemen. Your support is appreciated.

SINNOTT

I got a question boss?

All eyes turn to SINNOTT.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)

Well we all know what's in this for us, but we still don't know what you're up to.

MURPHY

He's got a point guv.

HALL smiles.

HALL

Revenge gentlemen. Pure and simple. You see the Air Commodore who ruined both my career and my marriage is now head of security at the bank of England.

(beat)

This will, to coin a phrase, fuck him over nicely.

The men all nod knowingly. MURPHY raises his bottle in HALL'S direction.

MURPHY  
Seems fair enough to me.

JACKSON  
Me too.

HALL  
So, whilst we're here, is there anything else?

The men shake their heads.

HALL  
Then are well all agreed? We move onto the next stage?

Nods of agreement.

HALL (CONT'D)  
(happy)  
Excellent. Now, I think since we've been cooped up here for a while now, it might be a good idea to get away for a couple of days. So if any of you would like to go back to your homes for a couple of days...

The men look at each other.

WALKER  
(quickly)  
Yeah. I would actually.

SINNOTT glances at him.

SINNOTT  
(measured)  
Me too. Stuff to do and all that.

MURPHY  
Not me. I've got nothing at home.

JACKSON  
(Glances at Glennon)  
Me neither.

GLENNON  
I wouldn't mind a few beers in a proper pub. It's been a while.

HALL  
(smiles)  
I think we can arrange that Mister Glennon.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - LATER

The room is empty. SINNOTT enters. Suspicious. He quickly roots through HALL's files for a few seconds and then pulls out a sheet. He takes a photo of it on his phone then quickly puts everything away.

EXT. HALL'S HOUSE - LATER

WALKER walks out to the yard and throws a bag in his car. He climbs in, starts up and drives away.

SINNOTT follows. SAME.

FADE OUT.

MONTAGE OF NIGHT PROGRESSING: The group in a restaurant then various pubs. Laughing, joking. BANTER. HALL is the only one sober. MURPHY gets hammered. GLENNON and JACKSON not far behind.

INT. PUB TOILET - LATER

HALL is standing at a urinal. The door flies open. MURPHY enters.

MURPHY  
Boss! You better come quick!  
They're fighting.

HALL  
Who are?  
(beat)  
Bloody hell, this again!

EXT. PUB - MOMENTS LATER

HALL rushes out. GLENNON and JACKSON are fighting. It is comic to watch. All around them, a crowd gee them on, some laughing.

HALL rushes in and pushes them apart.

HALL  
That's enough!

They continue to struggle, trying to kick and punch each other.

MAN  
(to HALL)  
Oi twatface? Let 'em get on with  
it! Fuck off back...

Before he can finish, MURPHY EXPLODES. He spins round and shoves the man.

MURPHY  
Listen cockbreath, don't speak to  
him like...

Before he can finish, the man shoves MURPHY backward.  
People scatter. MURPHY sees RED MIST. Within seconds, he  
and the man are fighting. CHAOS.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

The four men are sitting on a bench. Buised and contrite  
save HALL who looks anxious. A constable stands with them.

GLENNON  
Sorry boss. He started it though.

JACKSON  
You started it when you shagged  
my missus.

CONSTABLE  
Shut up both of you. The custody  
sergeant will be out in a minute  
then you'll be charged.

HALL throws GLENNON and JACKSON an angry look. SHUT UP. The  
custody Sergeant appears.

CUSTODY SERGEANT  
Right, who's first?

HALL stands and walks to the desk. A constable walks with  
him.

HALL  
I am sergeant.

CUSTODY SERGEANT  
Name?

HALL  
Hall. Squadron Leader Graham  
Hall.

The custody sergeant looks up. Puzzled.

CUSTODY SERGEANT  
Squadron Leader? Are you serving  
officer sir?

HALL  
Yes sergeant. My I.D is in my  
wallet.

The custody sergeant goes through HALLS wallet and pulls  
out his I.D. He looks at it.

CUSTODY SERGEANT  
Are they with you?

HALL  
Yes sergeant. They're former  
colleagues. We were having a  
reunion and some locals took  
exception...

The CUSTODY SERGEANT holds up his hand to stop HALL. He  
glances at the CONSTABLE and gestures him to one side. They  
whisper. The CUSTODY SERGEANT returns. He smiles.

CUSTODY SERGEANT  
I did nine years in the mob, RAF  
regiment.  
(beat)  
Just wouldn't feel right nicking  
a senior officer sir.

HALL  
You mean we can go?

CUSTODY SERGEANT  
No more trouble though, right?

FADE OUT.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -LATER

HALL enters, the others follow. They sit at the table  
whilst he stands, arms folded.

GLENNON  
Look sir, I...

HALL  
(interrupting - angry)  
Have you any idea how close you  
two, you three came to ballsing  
everything up tonight?  
(beat)  
What if we'd been arrested and  
charged?

MURPHY  
What if we had?

HALL  
The police would have had our  
names, addresses and a direct  
link between us.  
(beat)  
I'd have had to call the whole  
thing off and all this time and  
effort would have been wasted.

The room falls into embarrassed silence. HALL relaxes.

HALL (CONT'D)  
We got lucky, this time. But we  
might not be so lucky again.  
(beat)  
So you two, come with me.

HALL exits. GLENNON and JACKSON follow. Sheepish.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

HALL enters. GLENNON and JACKSON follow. HALL rummages in a cabinet and pulls out a bottle of vodka and two glasses which he places on the table.

HALL (CONT'D)  
Don't come out until it's sorted.

HALL gives them a look then exits. The two men look at each other for a second. GLENNON pours two drinks and they sit. They both down the shot and pour another.

GLENNON  
Look, if you want me to say  
sorry, then I'm sorry OK?  
(beat)  
Actually, I am sorry. Sorry I  
ever met 'er. She made my life a  
bloody misery.

JACKSON laughs and downs his second shot.

JACKSON  
Well that's something we got in  
common.

GLENNON  
So why have the arse with me  
then? I did you a favour.

JACKSON pours another shot and downs it. Melancholy.

JACKSON  
You stole her from me.  
(beat)  
I though she was the one see.

GLENNON downs his own drink and pours them another two.

GLENNON  
If she was the one mate, she  
wouldn't have...

JACKSON flashes him a look, then nods in agreement.

JACKSON  
Yeah, I know.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)  
Women... fucking nightmare all of  
'em.

GLENNON holds up his glass. JACKSON looks at him then  
clinks the two together.

GLENNON  
Can't live with 'em...

FADE OUT.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

JACKSON and MURPHY are in the kitchen, worse for wear. HALL  
enters. He is wearing overalls and has a dirty rag in his  
hand. He switches the kettle on and begins making tea.

HALL  
Morning everyone. How're we  
feeling?

MURPHY  
In a word, shit.

HALL  
Any sign of Mister Glennon?

MURPHY  
I heard him puking earlier so at  
least he's alive.

JACKSON  
That might have been me actually.  
Sorry.

GLENNON enters. He's been running.

MURPHY  
Jesus Christ! How??

GLENNON  
Best cure for a hangover, fresh  
air.

JACKSON  
How many times did you throw up?

GLENNON  
(smiles)  
Only twice.

Laughter. HALL places cups on the table.

MURPHY  
Thanks boss. So what's the plan  
for today?

HALL

Well I don't know about you spud,  
but I'm going to spend the day  
tinkering with my aircraft. It  
might be the last chance I have  
for a while. So if you'll excuse  
me.

HALL smiles and exits with his tea. The others watch him go.

GLENNON

You've got to admit, he'd make  
someone a brilliant wife.

MURPHY looks around the room.

MURPHY

Did he just call me spud?

JACKSON

(smiling)  
I think he did.

MURPHY sniffs. Feigning indignance.

MURPHY

Cheeky fucker.

EXT. WALKERS HOUSE - MORNING

WALKER exits his house. He climbs into his car and drives away.

A second later, SINNOTT pulls his car away from the kerb further along the road and follows him.

INT. SINNOTTS CAR - LATER

SINNOTT watches as WALKER pulls into a car park. He pulls to the side of the road and watches as WALKER enters a building.

He strains to see the sign outside and then suddenly falls back into his seat.

SINNOTT

(to himself - shocked)  
Fuck!

EXT. BUILDING - LATER

WALKER exits the building and heads for his car. He sees SINNOTT sitting on the bonnet smoking. He freezes.

SINNOTT jumps off and heads toward him. His face blank.

WALKER  
(shocked)  
What the bloody hell are you  
doing here?

SINNOTT  
(smug)  
I knew there was something about  
you that bothered me.  
(beat)  
Now it all makes sense.

SINNOTT walks around WALKER. Intimidating.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)  
So why didn't you say anything?

WALKER  
It's no one else's business.

SINNOTT  
You're the pilot for fuck's sake!  
Of course it's our business.  
(beat)  
Does the boss know?

WALKER  
I don't know. He's never said  
anything.

SINNOTT nods, then sniffs.

SINNOTT  
So? You gonna tell me why you've  
just spent two hours in a mental  
health unit?

FADE OUT.

INT. CAFE - LATER

WALKER and SINNOTT are sitting at a table.

WALKER  
In the end it just started to  
stick with me, y'know? All that  
death. Weed was the only thing  
that dulled it.

SINNOTT  
I get that. So how d'you get  
caught?

WALKER looks up, anguished.

WALKER

I was tasked to bomb a compound  
where it was suspected a Taliband  
missile was stored and...

He stops talking and stares into space. SINNOTT watches him  
for a second.

SINNOTT

And? What happened?

WALKER

It was next to a school and I  
couldn't... Well, I just  
couldn't.

WALKER looks down at the table. Downbeat.

WALKER (CONT'D)

I was stood down and put on sick  
leave. Stress, y'know. That's  
when the dope was picked up on a  
drug test.

(beat)

I didn't have a prayer then.  
Bastards couldn't get rid of me  
fast enough.

SINNOTT

Shit. Sorry. So when...?

WALKER

When what?

SINNOTT

PTSD right?

WALKER nods. Embarrassed.

WALKER

How did you know?

SINNOTT

I ain't stupid.

(beat)

Look, my mum was bipolar OK. So I  
kinda know.

(beat)

I shoulda realised. All the texts  
and phone calls...

WALKER

My support worker. That's who I  
just seen.

(beat - anxious)

Don't worry! She doesn't know  
anything about..

SINNOTT

It's OK. So what's the story with the mob? They helping at all?

WALKER

They're fighting it so they don't have to pay me a pension. According to them it's all down to weed.

SINNOTT

Bastards.

WALKER relaxes slightly.

WALKER (CONT'D)

So I s'pose you think I'm mental.

SINNOTT

You're not mental, just fucked up.

WALKER looks up and smiles. He suddenly frowns.

WALKER

You said was. Your mum...

SINNOTT half smiles. Pain.

SINNOTT

She topped herself 'bout a year ago. Pills, booze, all that shit.

WALKER

I'm sorry.

SINNOTT

Don't be. Poor cow just couldn't cope. Bastard depression.

SINNOTT eyeballs WALKER.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)

But she couldn't help it, neither can you right? Difference is, you're stronger than she was.

SINNOTT smiles. WALKER nods. Half smiles.

WALKER

Are you going to tell the others?

SINNOTT

No, you are. You have to.

WALKER

But it'll mess everything up!

SINNOTT

Why? Because you're a bit batty?  
Fuck me, have you ever taken a  
good look at the others?

(beat)

If the boss ain't outta his tree  
I don't know what he is, spud's a  
borderline alky and the other two  
are so bloody institutionalised  
if the boss told 'em to shit in a  
corner they'd ask what  
consistency he wanted.

(beat)

Now there's you... Jesus, I'm the  
only sane one there!

The two men laugh.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)

(serious)

It'll be sweet OK. All for one  
and all that bollocks.

SINNOTT holds out his hand. WALKER smiles and takes it.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)

And if you're ever struggling,  
you know where I am. Right?

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - MORNING

The group are gathered. They are all looking at WALKER. He  
looks embarrassed.

GLENNON

Well someone has to ask the  
obvious question.

SINNOTT

No they bloody don't. He'll be  
fine won't you... sir.

The group all turn towards SINNOTT. Bemused.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)

Well, he will.

HALL stands and moves to the head of the table.

HALL

You're all familiar with the term  
'hats off' so I think if there  
was ever a time where people were  
allowed to speak freely, then  
this is it. So if anyone has  
anything to say or ask...

The room falls into silence. WALKER looks embarrassed, SINNOTT protective. Gradually, everything turns to knowing smiles. SUPPORTIVE.

HALL nods. KNOWING.

HALL

OK gentlemen, now we have that matter dealt with it's time to start getting serious.

MURPHY

You mean we've not been already?

HALL

(smiling)

We have by my reckoning, three weeks until we put this operation into effect.

HALL opens his laptop and switches it on. He taps at the computer. A MAP flashes up on the large TV screen. HALL takes a pointer and holds it up.

HALL (CONT'D)

This is Luton airport. On Tuesday 17th September, a flight from Amsterdam is scheduled to land here at 20.45. It will not.

(beat)

Instead, using the technology we have already tested, we will seize control of it as it begins its descent and land it here...

A picture of a deserted airfield pops up on screen.

HALL (CONT'D)

...15 miles away at a former WW2 bomber base just outside Hemel Hempstead. Once it has touched down, we will remove the cargo and depart. Questions?

The men look at each other.

MURPHY

Won't someone er... notice?

HALL smiles.

HALL

That's where Corporal Sinnott comes in.

SINNOTT smiles. HALL taps the keyboard again to show an expanded map of the area around the airport.

HALL

Shortly after we have taken control of the aircraft, he will stage a simulated aircraft crash approximately five miles away from where we will be waiting.

WALKER

How is he going to do that? I mean won't you need wreckage and stuff?

SINNOTT

No, just a fuck off big bang and a lot of flame.

HALL

It's a tactic the Germans used in world war two. They used to use things called Scarecrow bombs to terrify our aircrew over Germany. If it works as it should, by the time people work out they've been fooled we'll be long gone.

JACKSON

Why five miles?

HALL

Any further away and the local police won't be involved. We need to create total confusion to tie up the emergency services.

The men look at each other. NERVOUS, EXCITED.

WALKER

What's this runway like sir?

HALL

It's bumpy but serviceable. They hold a market on it every Saturday so we'll be paying it a visit one weekend.

MURPHY

What's happening about equipment sir? I mean, we're gonna need all sorts.

HALL

Good question. I'm splitting the operation into two areas now. Mister Walker, will you take charge of everything to do with the aircraft.

WALKER

Sir.

HALL

I need an Op Order outlining exactly what you need.

WALKER nods.

HALL (CONT'D)

Corporal Sinnott and I will tackle everything else.

JACKSON

What's happening about vehicles sir?

SINNOTT

I got an idea about that. We need what? Two transits?

HALL nods.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)

Buy them privately using our real names and addresses. On the day we need 'em, we stick moody plates on then just put the real plates back on after and sell 'em on.

GLENNON

As simple as that?

SINNOTT

Yeah. If we ain't gonna get caught, there won't be nothing to tie us or the vans to the operation anyway.

JACKSON

But what if the police spot the false plates?

SINNOTT

Ebay.

MURPHY

What?

SINNOTT

Once we've got our vans, we go on ebay and look for something exactly the same. Copy the number and stick the plates on ours. Hey presto, a bog standard clone. Why make anything harder than you need to?

HALL  
Well you learn something new  
every day.

SINNOTT  
You don't come from where I come  
from without picking up a trick  
or two.

HALL shakes his head and smiles.

HALL  
One other thing, everything we  
need I.T wise has to be obtained  
privately second hand because it  
makes it harder for anyone to  
track any kind of pattern.  
Understood?

HALL turns to SINNOTT.

HALL (CONT'D)  
Have you ever done any paint  
spraying?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE. MORE WORKING, MORE PLANNING. SINNOTT PRIVATELY  
BUYING A SILVER VAN FOR CASH, WALKER PICKING UP A COMPUTER  
FROM A HOUSE, ETC.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

WALKER is sitting at a computer. HALL is sitting next to  
him. They are both transfixed on the screen.

HALL  
Where did you get this?

WALKER  
Someone was advertising it on an  
aircrew forum. Don't worry, I  
used a false name. I even parked  
around the corner from the  
address when I picked it up.

HALL  
And it'll do exactly what we  
need?

WALKER  
We couldn't ask for better. It's  
a copy of the original training  
simulator programme.

HALL stands. He pats WALKER on the back.

HALL  
Anything else you need?

WALKER  
I'll need a decent joystick and  
some kind of desk to sit at.

HALL  
Speak to Corporal Sinnott. It  
appears he can do pretty much  
seems he's quite a handy man.  
(beat)  
Good work Stuart.

HALL exits. WALKER returns his attention to the screen. A  
half smile on his face.

EXT. BOVINGDON AIRPORT - LUNCHTIME.

Two vehicles pull up in the packed car park which forms  
part of the long concrete runway. The group get out and  
glance around. WALKER looks at the floor and then at HALL.

They stroll toward the market which is further along the  
runway. All constantly glance around, taking in the  
location.

WALKER  
(concerned)  
It's a bit rough sir.

HALL  
Too rough?

WALKER kicks the ground. A small piece of concrete comes  
away.

WALKER  
I'll need to travel the full  
length for a proper look.

HALL pulls a set of car keys from his pocket and tosses  
them to WALKER.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
I'll be about half an hour.

He turns and walks back toward the car. HALL watches him go  
and then turns to follow the others.

EXT. BOVINGDON AIRPORT - LATER

The group are sat at a table outside a catering van. WALKER  
arrives and sits with them

MURPHY  
Tea?

Walker nods.

WALKER  
And a burger. No onions.

MURPHY stands and joins the queue. The others look at WALKER. He stares at them blankly for a second and then smiles.

WALKER  
Piece of piss.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - LATER

HALL, WALKER and SINNOTT are parked in a lane. Around them are fields in every direction.

An aircraft passes high overhead on its way to land at Luton airport.

SINNOTT  
This'll do. It's about half a mile to the nearest house which is about right.

HALL  
So what can you give me?

SINNOTT smiles.

SINNOTT  
With what you've got stockpiled on that farm of yours, enough to make everyone within five miles shit themselves.

HALL smiles and thumps him on the arm.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)  
But I'm gonna have to be here when it goes up, just in case.

HALL  
I always assumed as much. Come on, let's get out of here before we attract attention.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - OUTBUILDING - MORNING

HALL and SINNOTT enter. HALL turns on the lights to reveal the room contains several motorbikes.

SINNOTT  
Jesus boss. You kept these quiet.

HALL

I've had bikes for years. Just don't get much chance to ride 'em these days.

SINNOTT smiles. He walks across to a trials bike, climbs aboard and starts it up. He revs it a few times and then turns it off.

SINNOTT

This'll do. This'll do nicely.

INT. VAN - DAY

GLENNON is sitting in the back of a van. GLENNON has a laptop open. It is connected to two phones.

MURPHY is sitting in the drivers seat. He glances at a stopwatch.

MURPHY

Three... Two... One...

One of the phones rings. GLENNON stares at the laptop.

GLENNON

They've got us, off you go.

MURPHY starts the van and begins to drive.

GLENNON (CONT'D)

Bollocks. It's dropped off again.

(beat)

Let's get back to the farm. We need to sort this out and fast.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Everyone bar SINNOTT is in the room. They all look concerned.

GLENNON

You're trying to run an entire flight simulator programme over a dodgy 3G connection. It's not up to it but when...

HALL

(interrupting)

OK, I get it. So what's the solution?

JACKSON, GLENNON and MURPHY exchange glances.

HALL (CONT'D)

(Anxious)

There is a solution?

GLENNON

One of us needs to be on the aircraft.

HALL

(shocked)  
What?

GLENNON

It's the only way we can run something to amplify the signal and maintain a decent connection.

MURPHY

Plus, if we have a computer on board we can use that to power the scanner and block the comms. We could also run some of the macro's we'll need.

JACKSON

It'd hammer the battery though. Even on a Mac you'd have thirty minutes at best.

GLENNON

That'd be more than enough.

HALL takes a deep breath and looks around the room.

HALL

It's too risky.

JACKSON

It's no more risky than what we did. It's not like they're expecting anything.

HALL looks at WALKER who shrugs his shoulders. MURPHY takes a bottle of beer from the cupboard and opens it.

MURPHY

We already decided I'm doing it anyway.

HALL

Oh you have, have you?

MURPHY

Stands to reason. Ross is off to recce the route tomorrow so I'll be the only one of the three of us who hasn't made the trip.

GLENNON

(to Hall)  
The manifesto history is one of the first things they'll look at.  
(MORE)

GLENNON (cont'd)  
Any name which pops up more than  
once is gonna attract attention.

MURPHY  
Besides, we've come too far to  
let this slide now boss.

HALL nods. Emotional.

HALL  
Thank you spud. That means a lot.

MURPHY nods and takes a mouthful of beer. Confident.

MURPHY  
Can you do one thing for me  
though boss?  
(beat)  
Stop calling me spud for fucks  
sake. It freaks me out when you  
do it.

The room dissolves into laughter.

HALL  
OK Sergeant Murphy. So let's get  
cracking on sorting this out.

FADE OUT.

EXT. HALL'S HOUSE - REAR OF WORKSHOP - MINUTES LATER

SINNOTT is spraying the two vans with matt black paint. He finishes the last stroke and disconnects the gun. HALL watches on. The two men walk around to the front of the workshop.

HALL  
You sure that will come off ok?

SINNOTT  
Yeah, it's a pretty weak mix.  
Decent pressure washer will have  
it off in a few minutes.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

The two men enter. The old van is inside. SINNOTT begins cleaning the spray gun.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)  
Just got to grind out the numbers  
on the chassis and the engine  
block then we'll be ready to load  
up.

HALL

Excellent. And you're sure we have enough combustible material?

SINNOTT

Yeah. What with the propane and all the aviation fuel you've got in these pl... aircraft, there's plenty.

(beat)

Oh yeah, this van'll be the only thing we leave behind so anyone who touches it from now needs to be wearing gloves OK?

HALL

Understood.

The noise of a vehicle pulling up outside. HALL and SINNOTT look eyes. ANXIOUS.

HALL

Stay here.

HALL heads for the door.

EXT. HALL'S HOUSE - WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

HALL steps out of the garage just as a police car pulls up. HALL walks across to it, COOL. A female officer climbs out.

HALL

Can I help you officer?

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

SINNOTT peaks out. Sees the police car. Nervous.

SINNOTT

(hissing)

Shit.

He glances around, sees HALLS phone on the bench, grabs it, flicks through the numbers and dials.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)

(into phone -  
whispering)

Spud! There's a copper in the yard.

(beat)

I don't fucking know.

(beat)

Just keep schtum for a bit.

SINNOTT cancels the call and continues to peek through the door. He watches HALL lead the policeman into the house.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)  
(to self)  
Fuck.

SINNOTT begins pacing. He glances at the phone in his hand, stops and with a final peek outside, begins to flick through it.

EXT. HALL'S HOUSE - WORKSHOP - MINUTES LATER

The police car leaves. HALL watches it leave, he looks puzzled. MURPHY and the others walk out of the house into the yard. SINNOTT exits the workshop.

MURPHY  
(anxious)  
What was that about?

HALL  
I don't know. She wanted to check my shotgun cabinet, for my licence.

HALL frowns.

MURPHY  
You got guns?

HALL  
Only the one.

JACKSON  
So what's the problem?

HALL  
They're only supposed to visit every couple of years.

JACKSON  
So?

HALL  
They were here three months ago.

WALKER  
Yeah but they do random checks don't they?

HALL looks at him and nods.

HALL  
Yes but...  
(beat)  
Could she have seen anything?

GLENNON  
Not in the house I don't think.  
Jim?

All eyes turn to SINNOTT. He looks pensive. He holds up the phone. HALL looks horrified.

SINNOTT  
Well? Sir?

The others look puzzled. Glances are exchanged. HALL looks sheepish.

WALKER  
What's wrong? What's going on?

SINNOTT  
Mister Hall here hasn't been exactly straight with us. Have you? Sir.

ALL eyes turn to HALL. He takes a deep breath and stiffens. EMBARRASSED. He holds out his hand. SINNOTT hands him the phone.

HALL  
(sheepish)  
No, no I haven't.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - LATER

HALL is standing. The others staring at him. Gobsmacked.

HALL  
So there you have it.

JACKSON  
But why didn't you just tell us?

HALL  
What, that I'm a recovering gambling addict and close to bankruptcy? If I had, would you have come?

The room falls into silence.

GLENNON  
But what about all that with the bird?

HALL  
Oh everything I told you was true. I was just a little vague, that's all.

WALKER  
But how the hell are you affording all this?

HALL

I had to sell the farm about a year ago to cover debts. That's why my wife left, she took most of the rest. The house is all that's left and if I don't pull this off I'll lose this place as well.

(beat)

I couldn't stand that.

The room falls into embarrassed silence.

MURPHY

Don't make no difference to me.

All eyes turn to him.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Well it don't.

(beat)

Look, up to few weeks ago I was living in a shit hole with fuck all. Now, thanks to the boss here... well... who gives a toss if he's skint? Ain't we all?

MURPHY settles back in his chair, arms folded. HALL looks around the room. The others shrug and half-smile. They all agree with him. HALL looks at SINNOTT. All eyes turn to the corporal.

SINNOTT

What you all looking at me for? I never did think much of the officer classes anyway. Dodgy fuckers the lot of them.

He settles back in his chair. A half smile on his face. WALKER picks up a coaster from the table and flicks it at SINNOTT. He laughs in response. The room relaxes. All is OK.

HALL

Thank you, all of you. Your support means a lot.

(beat)

Now, where were we...

FADE OUT.

EXT. LUTON AIRPORT - EVENING

SINNOTT walks out of the arrivals lounge. He climbs into a taxi.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

SINNOTT climbs from the taxi. He waits until the taxi departs and then walks along the road for a short distance. He climbs into a waiting car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

HALL is sitting in the drivers seat.

HALL  
How was it?

SINNOTT  
Good. All present and correct.  
Front hold, just like you said.

HALL smiles. He starts the car and pulls away.

INT. CAR - LATER

HALL and SINNOTT are sitting in the car watching the road. Two police cars and two security vans drive past at speed. HALL and SINNOTT glance at each other.

SINNOTT  
(smiling)  
Wonder what they'll do next week?

HALL  
All being well, chasing their  
tails trying to work out what the  
bloody hell has happened.

FADE OUT:

INT. VAN - AFTERNOON

JACKSON and WALKER are in the back of a van. They have two computers rigged up. WALKER is working the joystick as he fixates on the screen.

WALKER  
And we are... Down. Throttle  
back, brakes on, air spoilers  
deployed.

JACKSON watches the screen intently for a second and then thumps WALKER on the back.

JACKSON  
Excellent!

A phone rings. WALKER picks it up.

WALKER  
(into phone)  
Thanks. Let's run it again, just  
to make sure.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The men are sitting around the table. HALL is sitting at  
the top.

HALL  
Is there anything we've missed?

SINNOTT  
Not from my side. I'm ready to  
rock.

JACKSON  
We've tested everything and gone  
through every eventuality. The  
second spud switches on, we're in  
business.

HALL  
And you're happy Mister Walker?

WALKER  
As I'll ever be sir. My only  
concern was the landscape camera  
but the chaps have sorted that.

HALL looks around the room and smiles. He stands and exits,  
returning a second or so later with a bottle of champagne  
and a tray of glasses. He pops the cork and pours.

HALL  
Then since this will be the last  
evening we all spend together,  
for a while at least, I suggest  
we have a toast.

HALL raises his glass.

HALL (CONT'D)  
To us gentleman. And to a  
successful operation.

The group raise their glasses.

GROUP  
Three greens.

INT. CAR. OUTSIDE HARPENDEN RAILWAY STATION - MORNING

HALL and MURPHY are sitting in a car.

HALL  
Have you got everything?

MURPHY  
Yes sir.

HALL  
Make sure you charge everything  
in the hotel tonight. We  
wouldn't...

MURPHY raises an eyebrow. He knows.

HALL (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Nerves.

MURPHY  
I best be off.

HALL nods. The two men climb out of the car.

EXT. CAR. OUTSIDE HARPENDEN RAILWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

HALL opens the rear hatch and takes out a flight bag and  
laptop case.

HALL  
Well, I guess I'll see you soon.

MURPHY  
I certainly hope so sir.

HALL thrusts out his hand. MURPHY takes it.

HALL  
Listen, go easy on the booze OK.  
We need you at the top of your  
game.

MURPHY looks at HALL. He smiles. Knowing.

MURPHY  
Don't worry boss. I'm on it.

HALL nods.

HALL  
Good man. Have a safe trip spud.

MURPHY grins. Without a word he picks up his cases and  
heads into the station. HALL watches after him.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AT NIGHT

HALL is sitting in the kitchen nursing a cup of tea.  
JACKSON enters.

JACKSON  
You neither boss?

HALL  
Not a wink.

JACKSON busies himself making tea.

JACKSON  
I don't think anyone's actually  
kipping to be honest.  
(beat)  
Other than spud. That bugger  
could kip for England.

HALL grunts. JACKSON sits down.

HALL  
D'you think he'll be OK? I mean  
if he...

JACKSON  
Get's shit faced? Don't worry, he  
won't let us down.

The room falls into silence.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I used to hate bloody nights.  
Standing on gates staring into  
the darkness. Used to drive me  
mental.

The two men sit in silence for a few seconds. HALL  
shudders.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
You OK?

HALL  
Deja vu. I've been here before.

JACKSON  
Any chance you know what happens  
next?

HALL looks at him and smiles. The two men fall into silence  
again.

HALL (CONT'D)  
I've never really asked, what're  
your plans after this is all  
over?

JACKSON

I don't know. We've all talked obviously, I think we're all clued up enough not to do anything stupid for a while. I've a funny feeling they might be looking for us.

HALL half laughs.

HALL

If everyone sticks to the plan, we'll be fine.

JACKSON

What about you?

HALL

Keep this place afloat, get my Chipmonk back in the air. That sort of thing.

JACKSON nods. Drinks the remainder of his tea and stands.

JACKSON

If I don't get a chance, I just wanted to say that whatever happens, it's been nice to be amongst it again. You know... like the old days. All the lads feel the same.

HALL

(smiling)

I'll see you in the morning Sergeant.

JACKSON smiles. Exits.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. HALL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The vehicles are all lined up in the yard. Two Transit vans and the old van. The men are gathered around. NERVOUS. SINNOTT chain smokes.

GLENNON

Those'll kill you you know.

SINNOTT

They will if I light one in that van. Spud'll see me flying past his friggin' window.

HALL looks at his watch.

HALL  
Time you weren't here Corporal  
Sinnott.

SINNOTT looks at him and crushes his cigarette into the ground. He eyeballs the other men and settles his gaze on WALKER. He winks, WALKER smiles in response.

SINNOTT pulls on a pair of latex gloves, climbs into his van and drives away.

WALKER  
D'you think he'll be OK?

HALL turns and smiles.

HALL  
I don't doubt him for a second. I  
don't doubt any of you.

WALKER  
I didn't mean that sir. I meant  
he's driving a... well, a bloody  
great bomb.

HALL smiles.

HALL  
He knows what he's doing.  
(beat)  
OK chaps, let's go. We'll  
rendezvous at Bovingdon in three  
hours.  
(beat)  
Drive carefully, and good luck.

JACKSON and WALKER climb into their van and drive away.  
HALL and GLENNON follow.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SCHIPHOL AIRPORT - EARLY EVENING

MURPHY books in for his flight.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN 2 - SAME TIME

HALL is driving. GLENNON sits beside him. Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN 1 - SAME TIME

JACKSON is driving. WALKER sits beside him, looking out of the window.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHIPHOL AIRPORT - LATER

MURPHY is sitting in the departure lounge. Waiting. He suddenly stands and heads for the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD VAN - SAME TIME

SINNOTT driving. Alone. He is wearing latex gloves. His watch is over them. He glances at it and pulls into a layby.

EXT. OLD VAN - CONTINUOUS

SINNOTT climbs out. He takes another look at his watch and walks away from the van. Once he is a short distance away, he lights a cigarette.

INT. SCHIPHOL AIRPORT - LATER

MURPHY makes his way onto the aircraft. He looks slightly tipsy as he settles into his seat.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN 2 - LATER

HALL drives slowly along a DARK lane. He turns off the lights on the van and glances in the mirror. The other van is behind him. He drives out onto the airfield.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The two dark vans drive along the runway. They can barely be seen.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT CABIN - SAME TIME

MURPHY is sitting with his eyes closed. The seat next to him is empty. The stewardess arrives. MURPHY opens his eyes.

STEWARDESS  
Could I get you a drink sir?

MURPHY  
Vodka and coke please. Double.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The two dark vans come to the end of the runway. They turn around and drive back up.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD VAN - SAME TIME

SINNOTT is standing at the back of his van. He is pulling on motorcycle clothing. Gloves go over the latex gloves he is still wearing.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOVINGDON AIRPORT - SAME TIME

The back doors of one of the vans is open. WALKER is setting up his desk inside the van. GLENNON is beside him. They are looking back down the runway.

HALL looks at his watch.

HALL  
Ready?

WALKER and GLENNON nod. HALL turns and looks up to the sky.

HALL (CONT'D)  
So now we wait.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD VAN - MINUTES LATER

SINNOTT pulls the van into a field. He climbs out, moves round to the back, pulls open the door and drags the motorcycle out. Once he has done this, he climbs inside.

INT. OLD VAN - CONTINUOUS

SINNOTT is surrounded by plastic drums, four large PROPANE cylinders and a compressed air bottle. A mobile phone is taped to one of them. Everything is connected by wires.

He removes a round metal plate from the roof and places it on the floor then, still wearing his outer gloves, switches on the mobile and climbs out.

EXT. OLD VAN - CONTINUOUS

SINNOTT puts his motorcycle gloves back on, gently closes the door and begins pushing the motorcycle back along the lane.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT CABIN - SAME TIME

MURPHY is dozing. His chin drops two or three times and then he falls off to sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOVINGDON AIRPORT - SAME TIME

The four men wait anxiously. The soft glow of the laptop screens illuminates WALKER and JACKSON.

GLENNON  
(softly)  
Christ almighty, it's at times  
like this I wish I smoked.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANE - SAME TIME

SINNOTT pushes the bike through a gate and leans it against a tree out of sight. He pulls out his mobile and places it on the seat, sits on the ground and covering the glow with his hands, lights a cigarette.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOVINGDON AIRPORT - SAME TIME

The four men wait. They all stare into the dark sky. Occasionally one of them glances around at their surroundings. JACKSON looks at his watch.

JACKSON  
Come on spud, for fuck's sake!

INT. AIRCRAFT CABIN

MURPHY is fast asleep. The stewardess approaches. She looks at him and bends down to look at his seat belt. However, she can't see it.

She reaches down and shakes him.

STEWARDESS  
Sir?

MURPHY wakes with a jolt.

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)  
Just checking your seat belt sir.  
Best if you have it on if you're  
sleeping.

MURPHY looks baffled. Then reality HITS.

MURPHY  
What time is it?

STEWARDESS  
We'll be starting our descent  
shortly sir.

MURPHY  
Oh, right. I've just got to go to  
the toilet.

STEWARDESS  
Please be quick sir. You only  
have a few minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOVINGDON AIRPORT - SAME TIME

The four men are beside themselves.

WALKER  
(in van on laptop)  
The arrivals website is showing  
it's due to land on time.

GLENNON  
Something must have gone wrong.  
They must be on approach by now.

HALL stares at his watch.

HALL  
We wait. What choice do we have?

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT TOILET - SAME TIME

MURPHY enters the toilet. He locks the door and moving quickly, takes out the laptop and switches it on. He takes out two phones, switches them on and connects the leads to plug one of them into the laptop.

He waits anxiously for the laptop to start. It seems to take an age. It starts, he types in his password and begins typing. FAST. The screen begins scrolling. FAST.

He takes the second phone, sends a short text then connects this phone to the laptop.

He checks everything is working, closes the laptop lid, places everything gently into the bag and stands upright.

He takes a deep breath, looks at himself in the mirror and flushes the toilet.

EXT. AIRCRAFT TOILET - CONTINUOUS

MURPHY exits and returns to his seat. Once sat down, he fastens his seat belt. Pulls it tight and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

A phone beeps. The men are startled. WALKER and JACKSON busy themselves on their laptops.

JACKSON  
(excited)  
We're in!

HALL smiles.

HALL  
Don't forget, gloves and masks.  
(beat)  
Good luck gentlemen.

The four men quickly exchange glances then shake hands. HALL and GLENNON climb into their van and head off down the runway.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANE - CONTINUOUS

The phone flashes. SINNOTT glances at it and draws a deep breath. He looks at the van which can barely be seen about 400 yards away then checks his watch.

He puts the cigarette out on the back of his heavy glove, puts the stub in his pocket and lights another. Nervous.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN 1 - BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

WALKER and JACKSON are working the keyboards.

JACKSON  
OK, if this is working we'll know  
in three, two, one.

Silence. The two men glance at each other.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

WALKER dives across and looks at the screen in front of JACKSON. He is TOTALLY CALM. PROFESSIONAL. THE PILOT.

WALKER  
OK, let's just run through  
everything and...

WALKER reaches across and presses a button.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
You had it on mute!

The two men smile at each other as HALL'S voice fills the van.

HALL (O.C.)  
In sixty seconds we will take  
full control of this aircraft.  
You are in no danger and will  
receive further instruction. In  
fifty seconds we will take full  
control...

SLASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

HALL (O.C.)  
...of this aircraft. You are in  
no danger and in...

The voice continues. The crew are desperately trying to work out what is going on as they listen to the voice through their headsets.

CAPTAIN  
Who is this? Who is this? Do you  
know you are broadcasting on an  
aircraft frequency?

HALL (O.C. CONT'D)  
...in ten second we will take  
full control of this aircraft.

CAPTAIN  
Hello Luton control, this is  
Easyjet 2164 do you copy?  
(beat)  
Hello Luton control, this is  
Easyjet 2164 do you copy?  
(to co-pilot)  
There's nothing. What the bloody  
hell is going on?

CO-PILOT  
The autopilot's locked on. I  
can't do anything.

The two pilots stare at each other. BEWILDERED, HELPLESS.

HALL (O.C. CONT'D)

In three, two, one. We are now in full control of this aircraft. Do not be alarmed.

The two pilots dive for their cellphones. Both show no signal. They look horrified.

INT. VAN 1 - BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

WALKER

(calm)

I've got her. I'll be altering course in two minutes.

JACKSON

Me too. Everything's locked in or locked out.

JACKSON reaches across, picks up a torch and flashes it three times.

INT. VAN 2 - BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

HALL sees the light flashing.

HALL

Thank god!

GLENNON

Game on then.

GLENNON reaches for his phone. He texts.

EXT. LANE - CONTINUOUS

SINNOTT'S phone flashes. He looks at it and smiles. CALM.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

MURPHY appears to be fast asleep but clearly, his eyes are MOVING under the lids. NERVOUS.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The two pilots are working feverishly. Nothing works.

The radio buzzes. The co-pilot picks it up. He listens.

CO-PILOT

The purser is asking if we know  
of any problems with the phones.  
The passengers are complaining.

CAPTAIN

(anxious)

Don't tell her anything. We need  
to figure this out.

CO-PILOT

(into phone)

Just apologise. We're looking  
into it.

HALL (O.C.)

Please announce that you are  
beginning your descent. Switch on  
the fasten seat belt signs and  
ask the passengers to lower the  
window blinds.

The two crewmen eyeball each other. Puzzled.

CAPTAIN

Who is this? Who is this?

HALL (O.C.)

Please announce that you are  
beginning your descent. Switch on  
the fasten seat belt signs and  
ask the passengers to lower the  
window blinds.

The two pilots look at each other. CAPTAIN shrugs his  
shoulders and lifts up the phone.

CAPTAIN

What choice do we have? We're  
bloody passengers.

(into radio)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is  
your captain speaking...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN (O.C.)

...we are beginning our descent  
into Luton airport...

As he continues speaking, a bead of sweat rolls down the  
cheek of the apparently sleeping MURPHY.

INT. VAN 1 - BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

WALKER takes a deep breath and exhales slowly.

WALKER  
Ready?

JACKSON  
Do it.

WALKER taps on the keyboard. JACKSON does likewise. WALKER grasps the joystick and gently eases it across to the left.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The two pilots are desperately going through checklists. SUDDENLY, they feel the aircraft bank gently over to the left.

CAPTAIN  
(shocked)  
What the...? Are they actually flying us?

CUT TO:

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - LUTON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

A controller is sitting at his screen. He stares at it for a second.

CONTROLLER  
(calling)  
Paul!

Another controller comes across.

PAUL  
What's up?

CONTROLLER  
I've been trying to contact EasyJet 2164 but I can't raise it. Now we've lost it's data off the scope.

PAUL  
What the flight data?

CONTROLLER  
No, everything.  
(into headset)  
EZ 2164 this is Luton local, do you read over?  
(beat)  
Nothing.

He points to the screen.

CONTROLLER (CONT'D)  
She's gone.

PAUL  
Keep trying to raise them.

PAUL grabs a phone.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN 1 - BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

WALKER is staring at the screen. Flying the aircraft.

WALKER  
(calm)  
We're five minutes from landing.  
How're you doing?

JACKSON  
Everything's jammed except our  
signal. I need to get these  
lights out.

JACKSON grabs two LARGE LIGHTS and jumps out of the side door. He runs around and places them on the floor behind the van and quickly climbs back into the van.

WALKER  
Four minutes. Just coming round  
onto the centreline.

JACKSON  
OK. Here we go.

JACKSON types into the computer.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The two pilots are almost in shock. SUDDENLY, the noise of the undercarriage lowering.

CAPTAIN  
(horror)  
We're landing!

SLASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT CABIN - SAME TIME

MURPHY'S eyes SNAP open as the sound of the undercarriage lowering fills the cabin.

SLASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

HALL (O.C.)

You will shortly be landing.  
Please ensure that the landscape  
camera is turned on. Please  
ensure that the landscape camera  
is turned on.

(beat)

You will shortly be landing,  
please...

CAPTAIN

Turn them on!

CO-PILOT

What?

CAPTAIN

Turn the bloody landscape camera  
on!

The co-pilot reaches across and flicks a switch.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN 1 - BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

WALKER and JACKSON are fixed on their computer screens.

JACKSON

I have three greens showing.  
Gear's down and locked.

WALKER

I have visuals.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN 2 - BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

HALL and GLENNON are sitting in the van staring up in the  
direction the aircraft will appear from.

GLENNON

This must have been what waiting  
to go over the top felt like.

HALL suddenly steps out of the van and walks around to the  
front. He stares into the sky then turns. EXCITED.

HALL

Listen!

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - LUTON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

There is an air of panic. A third man -STEVE- has joined  
the controller but others are looking across.

CONTROLLER  
(into headset)  
EZ 2164 do you copy over?

The CONTROLLER turns and stares at the two men behind him.

STEVE  
(to controller)  
Put an urgent call out to all other flights on approach and get them back up into a holding pattern. If he's lost power and is coming in blind, we need to give him room.

PAUL grabs a phone.

PAUL  
(to controller)  
I'll get the emergency services on station.

STEVE stops him.

STEVE  
(to Paul)  
Could this be a hijack?

The three men fall silent.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
I'll contact the RAF in case.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANE - CONTINUOUS

SINNOTT stands staring at the sky. His eyes fixated on an aircraft in the distance. He grabs his phone from the bike seat and pushes the bike back out into the lane. He takes a second phone from his pocket and turns back to look at the aircraft lights in the distance.

SINNOTT  
(to himself)  
Go on you fucker.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN 2 - BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

HALL is staring up at the sky. Lights are approaching.

GLENNON is looking back up the runway toward the other van.

GLENNON  
Come on you bastards. Put the lights on!

INT. VAN 1 - BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

WALKER is 'flying' the plane. His eyes flicking from the screen to the sky through the open doors.

WALKER  
Lights please.

JACKSON flicks a switch. The two lights at the back of the van come on. Further down the runway, the other van switches its headlights on to spread its light across the runway.

JACKSON  
Scarecrow?

WALKER stays silent for a few seconds. JACKSON picks up his phone and types in a text.

WALKER  
Scarecrow.

JACKSON presses the send button.

EXT. LANE - CONTINUOUS

The phone bleeps. SINNOTT looks at it and stuffs the phone back into his pocket. He points the second device at the van and presses the send button.

SLASH CUT TO:

INT. OLD VAN - CONTINUOUS

The darkness of the vans interior is suddenly illuminated by the small screen of the phone. It buzzes. There is a loud CLICK.

SLASH CUT TO:

EXT. LANE - CONTINUOUS

SINNOTT stands and watches. There is a loud THUMP then silence as a plastic barrel flies upwards from the van.

SUDDENLY - BOOM! The barrel EXPLODES with a deafening crack. BURNING FUEL sprays out. A HUGE FIREBALL.

SINNOTT  
(smiling)  
Sweet!

A SECOND later, the van EXPLODES with another BOOM. A second HUGE FIREBALL heads into the sky.

SINNOTT watches it for a second, jumps on the motorbike and speeds away.

INT. VAN 2 - BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

HALL and GLENNON see the flash of the fireball in the distance then a rolling BOOM. HALL grabs his phone.

GLENNON

Holy shit!

HALL

(into phone - panic)  
Police. There's been a plane  
crash!

INT. VAN 1 - BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

JACKSON is staring out of the van at the rapidly approaching aircraft.

WALKER is fixed on his screen. The lights are clearly visible.

WALKER

Two hundred, one fifty, one  
hundred, fifty...

CUT TO:

INT. VAN 2 - BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The aircraft flashes across the front of the windscreen.

HALL and GLENNON pull on Balaclava's and gloves before speeding after it.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN 1 - BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

WALKER is tapping at the keyboard.

WALKER

Full brakes on. Engine power to  
idle. Air spoilers raised.

WALKER looks up at the approaching aircraft. For a second he wonders if it's going to stop but it comes to a halt. about thirty yards from where they are parked.

JACKSON

Engines off. Ground power on.  
(best)  
Christ on a bike! You did it!

The two men look at each other and laugh. JACKSON taps his keyboard again.

HALL (O.C.)

Please do not attempt to leave  
the aircraft. Do not attempt to  
leave the aircraft.

WALKER

Come on. We're not finished yet.

They get busy sorting the back of the van. JACKSON throws  
the lights back inside.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - LUTON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

There is panic.

STEVE

(into phone)

Yes, we've despatched all  
available emergency services to  
the scene.

(beat)

No, we've got no information on  
the cause of the crash.

(beat)

Yes, Luton's now closed. All  
flights are being diverted...

CUT TO:

EXT. LAYBY - CONTINUOUS

SINNOTT is leaning on his bike smoking. Emergency service  
vehicles speed past him, lights and sirens blaring.

He smiles to himself, drops his cigarette into a drain and  
pulls his helmet on.

INT. AIRCRAFT COCKPIT

The two pilots are emotionally drained. They are trying to  
see out of the window but everything is black.

HALL (O.C.)

Do not attempt to leave the  
aircraft, do not attempt to leave  
the aircraft.

CAPTAIN

We best say something to the  
passengers.

The co-pilot shrugs his shoulders.

CO-PILOT

Say what?

The captain takes the handset.

INT. AIRCRAFT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

There is unease. No one knows what is happening. MURPHY watches on. He smiles to himself.

CAPTAIN (O.C.)

Ladies and gentlemen. Could I please ask you to remain in your seats for a few moments. I will let you have more information as soon as I have it.

MURPHY glances around as the passenger chatter increases. He pulls his bag from under his seat, pulls out his laptop and disconnects the two phones.

EXT. BOVINGDON AIRPORT - MINUTES LATER

The two vans pull up beside the aircraft. GLENNON jumps out and opens the door to the front cargo hold. The door swings upwards, he pulls himself up and vanishes inside. JACKSON follows him.

Within a few seconds, they are passing packages out and down to the others.

INT. AIRCRAFT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The pilots hear the commotion in the hold. They open the cockpit window and stare down at the men unloading the aircraft.

EXT. BOVINGDON AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

HALL and WALKER are throwing a steady stream of packages into the vans.

HALL looks up and sees the two crewmen looking down at him. He stops and throws a mock salute at them.

JACKSON and GLENNON jump down.

GLENNON

That's it, let's go.

The four men jump into the vans and drive off into the darkness. Only once they are off the airport do they switch on their lights.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

SINNOTT is on his motorbike. He turns into a lane and rides along it. SUDDENLY, he sees two police cars and two vans parked by the side of the road. He rides past slowly and then accelerates away.

INT. VAN - LATER

HALL and GLENNON are driving along. EXCITED. SINNOTT appears next to them on his motorcycle, he gestures frantically to them: FOLLOW ME.

HALL  
What the hell's he doing?

SINNOTT turns into a side street, HALL follows.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

The men are standing by the van. They talk in hushed tones.

SINNOTT  
I'm telling you, old bill are all over the lane to your place. They must have sussed us.

HALL  
But how?  
(beat)  
Call the others, tell them to park up somewhere and wait for orders.

GLENNON pulls out his phone. HALL paces. SINNOTT smokes.

SINNOTT  
So what we gonna do boss?

HALL  
There's only one thing we can do.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The six men are gathered around HALL who is busily putting on SINNOTTS motorcycle gear. They are all nervous.

WALKER  
You sure about this sir?

HALL  
Well I can't take one of the vans can I?

WALKER  
I mean going back at all. We could...

HALL  
(interrupting)  
I have to. If I don't, they'll come looking for me anyway.  
(beat)  
Besides, we don't know what they know do we?

WALKER nods.

HALL (CONT'D)

Take my phone, that way they if  
it is... Well, they won't get  
your numbers. I'll call you if  
and when I can but if you don't  
hear from me within a few  
hours...

The others nod. KNOWING. There is a moment, EMOTIONAL. HALL  
pulls on his helmet.

JACKSON

Good luck boss.

HALL nods. He starts the bike and rides off.

GLENNON

Well I guess that puts you in  
charge Mister Walker.

WALKER turns and faces them.

WALKER

Come on, let's get out of here.

EXT. LANE - LATER

HALL rides along the lane past a dark car and a black van.  
No police cars. He turns onto his drive then stops and  
looks back at them. No movement. He rides down toward the  
farm.

EXT. HALL'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

HALL steps off the motorbike, pulls off his helmet and  
stares back up the lane. SUDDENLY, lights appear. Four  
vehicles. He walks across to the workshop and switches on  
the floodlights as two police cars plus the two other  
vehicles pull into the yard.

He stands and waits as various policemen and men in suits  
climb out.

HALL

Can I help you officer?

POLICEMAN

Mister Hall?

HALL

Yes, what's all this about?

FADE OUT.

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - MORNING

The men are parked. They look nervous as they listen to the news on the radio.

RADIO

Police are currently interviewing passengers but as yet they are giving no further detail. It appears...

WALKER reaches in and turns off the radio.

GLENNON

It's been almost three hours. We're gonna have to make a decision soon.

WALKER

I know.

SINNOTT

What're we gonna do about Spud? He's bound to go straight to the farm?

JACKSON

I've tried calling him about twenty times, there's no answer.

WALKER

(nervous)

At the moment I'm more worried about us.

SINNOTT looks at him and smiles. Reassuring.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Maybe we should split up. At least until we decide what to do.

GLENNON

Look, call me crazy if you want, but I say we go back to the farm.

The others turn to him. Shocked.

JACKSON

You are bloody crazy. What if he's been arrested?

GLENNON

And what if he hasn't? We don't know why the coppers were there.

(beat)

(MORE)

GLENNON (cont'd)  
Besides, even if they were 'cos  
of this d'you really wanna let  
the boss take the fall? It's just  
not right.

WALKER  
Does anyone else feel the same?

The group exchange glances.

SINNOTT  
Fuck it. All for one and all that  
bollocks.

They turn to JACKSON. He shrugs, then nods. WALKER smiles.

WALKER  
I guess that's that then. We  
best...

The phone rings. WALKER pulls it out and looks at it. A  
smile creeps across his face.

EXT. HALL'S HOUSE - LATER

HALL is standing in the yard as one van approaches. He  
pulls open the door of one of the outbuildings and the van  
reverses in. SINNOTT and WALKER walk out. SMILING.

The three men burst out laughing as they shake hands.

WALKER  
Good to see you boss.

HALL  
And you Stuart. So where are the  
others?

WALKER  
They took a different route. So  
what happened?

The three of them turn as headlights appear. The second  
van. It is ushered into the outbuilding and locked away.  
More handshakes and laughter.

HALL  
I think we all deserve a beer  
don't you?

FADE OUT.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

The men are all sitting around. Beers in their hands.  
Laughing, relief.

GLENNON

So they were bailiff's? But why the coppers?

SINNOTT

The shotgun!

HALL

Exactly. The police were here in case I did anything silly.

More laughter. They are all relaxed. BUZZING.

WALKER

So how much d'you think we got?

JACKSON

God only knows. Shit loads.

HALL

We need to get it unloaded and get the vans cleaned up.

(beat)

Now listen, are we sure we brought everything back with us? Other than my old van of course.

GLENNON

Yeah, there is one thing we're missing.

The group fall silent.

GLENNON (CONT'D)

Spud.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - WORKSHOP - EARLY MORNING

JACKSON and GLENNON are busily dismantling the computers and mobile phones. As they remove components, they crush them in a vice and drop them into a large dustbin.

The radio is on in the background. BBC news. HALL enters.

HALL

How we getting on chaps?

JACKSON

Fine sir. We formatted everything first and now we're physically corrupting the hardware. We'll melt it down in the morning then take it to the local dump.

GLENNON

You finished the count yet boss?

HALL

Yes.

(beat)

According to the labels on the packages, there's just over thirty two million.

JACKSON and GLENNON exchange glances. They smile.

GLENNON

Anything from Spud yet? It's been almost twelve hours.

HALL shakes his head. ANXIOUS.

HALL

What's the latest on the news?

JACKSON

The passengers have been taken to Luton so I guess the police are still interviewing them.

HALL takes a deep breath and exhales noisily.

HALL

I tried calling him but there's no answer. I guess all we can do is carry on and wait. D'you need anything?

The two men shake their heads. HALL exits.

JACKSON

That's the closest I've ever seen him to stressed.

(beat)

He must be shitting it.

GLENNON

He's not the only one.

EXT. HALL'S HOUSE - OUTBUILDING - EARLY MORNING.

The sun is up. SINNOTT is pressure washing the second vehicle. The paint is coming off easily.

The first van is already clean as is the motorcycle. Walker is busy changing the plates.

HALL walks out of the house carrying a pile of papers. He drops them into a metal dustbin which is already ablaze. After a second, he heads for the workshop.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

GLENNON and JACKSON are using welding torches to melt the pile of components. They both turn them off as HALL enters.

GLENNON  
Any news boss?

HALL shakes his head.

GLENNON (CONT'D)  
Looks like they've started  
letting the passengers go. Some  
of them have been on the news.

HALL looks pensive. JACKSON and WALKER

HALL  
Could there have been  
anything...?

JACKSON  
When we disconnected, Spuds  
computer was programmed to reboot  
so even if they fired it up it'd  
be on the home screen. The only  
way would be if they were  
actually looking for something  
and even then...

HALL  
(interrupting)  
What about the phones?

GLENNON  
Only if they were looking. But  
they'd have had to have worked it  
all out.

HALL glances nervously at them both.

HALL  
Could he have talked?

JACKSON and GLENNON look at each other for a second.

JACKSON  
No, no way.

GLENNON  
Not a chance boss.

HALL grins.

HALL  
My thought's exactly.  
(beat)  
You best get on.

HALL exits. GLENNON and JACKSON exchange glances. NERVOUS.  
JACKSON fires up his torch.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

The group are sitting in silence watching the news. It is all about the robbery. Behind the reporter, the stricken plane sits on the runway surrounded by policemen.

REPORTER 1

So what do the police say Robert?  
Have they released any  
information at all?

REPORTER 2

At the moment they're actually  
saying very little and indeed,  
both the police and the airline  
have actually requested that the  
passengers on the aircraft don't  
speak to the media.

REPORTER 1

So we don't actually know what  
happened?

REPORTER 2

Not for sure. Unofficially, I  
have been told that aside from  
the forensic operation here,  
there is a second investigation  
taking place on the site of the  
explosion which occurred at  
around the same time about five  
miles from here.

The men all turn to look at SINNOTT. He sneers.

SINNOTT

Not a chance. That thing was  
totally clean. I even wiped  
inside the bloody distributor  
cap.

JACKSON

You sure?

The two men eyeball.

SINNOTT

I'm sure.

JACKSON nods. SATISFIED.

REPORTER 2

...yes, that's correct. It does  
appear that this was some kind of  
diversion.

(beat)

(MORE)

REPORTER 2 (cont'd)  
Let's be clear here, there has never been a robbery like this before. One officer remarked that it's actually like the plot of Hollywood movie.

HALL takes the remote and turns the sound down.

HALL  
What do we have left that could actually link us to this?

GLENNON  
You mean aside from over thirty million Euro's?

HALL nods.

WALKER  
There's the two vans, but even they look different.

JACKSON  
And us. That's about it.

SINNOTT  
And spud.

The men fall silent. HALL takes a deep breath. Thoughtful. The men look at him. When he speaks, it's DECISIVE.

HALL  
OK. We need to act. Corporal Sinnott, we need rid of the two vans and quickly.

SINNOTT nods.

SINNOTT  
I can sell mine on but the other one's in spuds name.

HALL  
Then we need to hide it.

HALL thinks for a second. SMILES.

HALL (CONT'D)  
I'll put it on the camp car park. That's the last place anyone would ever look for it.

WALKER  
What about the money though sir? We can't exactly stick it under the mattresses.

HALL

But we can put it in the van.

The others look at him. Aghast.

HALL (CONT'D)

Can you think of anywhere safer  
than behind a wire on a military  
base?

The men exchange glances. NERVOUS.

GLENNON

Yeah but... With respect sir...

HALL looks at him. HALF SMILES.

HALL

If anyone thinks I have any  
intention of doing anything  
untoward, I can assure you...

A LOUD BANGING ON THE DOOR interrupts HALL. Everyone  
freezes. They look at each other. ANXIOUS. SCARED.

MORE BANGING. HALL frowns and heads for the front door.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

HALL walks toward the front door. More banging. He stops  
still for a second and then pulls it open.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

The men are staring at the kitchen door. FROZEN. The  
kitchen door swings slowly open. MURPHY Enters. Grinning.

MURPHY

Alright lads. Missed me?

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

The men are all sitting, laughing. Relaxed.

HALL

So what happened when you got to  
Luton?

MURPHY

The kept us in one of the lounges  
then started interviewing  
everyone. Asking if we'd seen  
anything.

(beat)

I just told 'em I slept for most  
of the flight.

(beat)

(MORE)

MURPHY (cont'd)  
I tell you what, I almost shit  
myself when that gear went down.

The room laughs.

HALL  
What then?

MURPHY  
Nothing. They just kept us in a  
room, gave us something to eat  
had then this bloke and some  
coppers came in, asked us not to  
talk to anyone and we were let  
go.  
(beat)  
They don't know anything. I'm  
telling you. Not a bloody thing.

JACKSON  
So why didn't you call?

MURPHY  
I got paranoid. I had this  
thought in my head that if I even  
turned on one of the phones  
they'd be able to trace it.  
(beat)  
Trouble is, I don't know anyone's  
number so I couldn't let you know  
what was happening. Sorry.

HALL  
(laughing)  
You really don't have to  
apologise.

MURPHY  
So come on then? What's been  
going on here? Anything exciting?  
(beat)  
Am I minted or what?

EXT. HALL'S HOUSE - YARD - AFTERNOON

The men are all in the yard. Cars are packed, they are all  
ready to depart.

HALL  
Well gentlemen, I guess this is  
it.

JACKSON  
Not quite sir, we'll be seeing  
you at some point. You have  
something of ours remember?

HALL smiles.

HALL

Your money will be perfectly safe here. You have enough to be going on with?

SINNOTT

Forty K will keep me going for a while. If I need any more, I know where to come.

The others look at him. DISAPPROVING.

SINNOTT (CONT'D)

I'm joking.

WALKER

Don't worry, I'll keep an eye on him.

The men fall silent. No one wants to leave.

HALL

Well come on you lot, bugger off. I've got things to do. I've got to go to work tomorrow.

The men laugh. JACKSON walks forward and holds out his hand. The others follow.

JACKSON

Thanks sir. It's been quite an adventure.

HALL

Adventure is right.

(beat)

It's been a genuine honour to work with you gentlemen. And I mean that.

The men shake hands and one by one they climb into their cars and drive away.

HALL watches them until they vanish from sight. He turns and heads into his workshop.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. TOILET - PRESENT DAY.

HALL is staring at the window, The door opens. The Sergeant policeman enters.

SGT POLICEMAN

(abrupt)

Everything OK sir?

HALL

Yes Sergeant. I was just coming.

HALL wipes his hands and picks up his cap. He exits. The Sergeant follows.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

HALL leads the two men along the corridor. SUDDENLY.

SGT POLICEMAN

Sir?

HALL stops and turns. The Sergeant is standing by a door. He puts his hand on the handle.

SGT POLICEMAN

In here if you please?

The Sergeant pushes the door open. With a sniff, HALL walks back and through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The meeting room is packed with people. Most in uniform.

HALL freezes. He spins around to find the Sergeant smiling.

SGT POLICEMAN

Squadron Leader Boyle ordered me to do it sir.

HALL stares at him. Behind him, the people from his office arrive. They are all laughing.

FLT LT GRAY

(smiling)

You should see your face boss. Anyone would think you were guilty of something.

HALL turns to see SQUADRON LEADER BOYLE approaching, arm outstretched. The penny drops. HALL smiles.

HALL

You bastard.

The men shake hands.

BOYLE

(laughing)

Well we couldn't let you go without a decent send off could we.

The entire room begins to sing: For he's a jolly good fellow.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. AIRFIELD - AFTERNOON

A Chipmonk Aircraft taxi's in. The engine switches off.

HALL climbs out. Smiling, satisfied. He is about to walk off when his phone pings: TEXT. He pulls it from his pocket, looks at it and smiles.

SCREEN

Boss, it's us. Fancy another adventure?

END.